

P O E M S

By the Right Honourable

The EARL of HAD-----TON.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y

The Right Honourable

The EARL of HAD-----TON.

The FIFTH EDITION.

Carefully Corrected.

MDCCLXIV.



3

AN EPISTLE to the Earl of ----

As from his Parson.

WHILST you indulge in gay delight,
 And lie with harlots ev'ry night,
 Without reflecting on the harms,
 Are got in mercenary arms,
 I for your danger pensive sit,
 And pray to heaven to send you wit.

Are you (who sit in highest place
 Of all my church) so void of grace,
 That you the fleeting hours employ
 In vile sophisticated joy;
 For I can guess what kind of dames
 They are, who cool your youthful flames.

A batter'd strum, who, since her prime,
 Has liv'd in one continu'd crime,
 And from each stallion ta'en a thrust,
 Till she has even surviv'd her lust;
 And now, for want, the thriftless jade
 Still follows on the wretched trade;
 And, tho' no kind of joys she feel,
 Must still be turning up her keel,
 And doth with wheedling tricks betray
 Unthinking mortals ev'ry day.

Perhaps you'll say you're on your guard,
 And, fearing to be thus ensnar'd,

Upon the common never stray,
 But kiss the house-maid were you stay,
 Who, at your call, is ever ready,
 And doth the feat like any lady.

No doubt of't, as your footmen know,
 On whom she freely doth bestow
 Those favours you are fore'd to buy:
 What! rival your own footmen! fye!

Besides, consider, should you hap
 To miss a pox, or swinging clap,
 Yet, if a bastard shall appear,
 The brat may cost you full as dear.
 Since such diseases wrong the health,
 And bastards do consume your wealth,
 To fornication bid adieu,
 And leave the rotten painted crew;
 Find out some virgin fair and young,
 From honest, healthy parents sprung,
 With real love address the maid,
 And be not of success afraid;
 She cannot sure resist those charms
 That every female soul disarms;
 Her joyful parents shall consent,
 And ev'ry day your wealth augment:
 Then you may pass your happy nights
 In chaste and conjugal delights,
 Your days be spent in joy and peace.
 That this may ever be your case,

Is the fervent prayer of P. C.

A second EPISTLE to the Earl of ----

BY good St. Andrew, and the Thistle,
 I was o'erjoy'd with your epistle;
 It shews your wisdom, and your sense,
 That did not rashly take offence
 At what was written by your friend,
 Who only did your mirth intend.

I own it gives me grief to see
 Young men, from grace and virtue free,
 Who bring (not thinking what they're doing)
 Soul, body, and estate to ruin,
 By loving women, wine and game,
 More than their honour, wealth and fame.

Perhaps you'll think, by what I've said,
 I'm old and every way decay'd,
 And being past the taste of joy,
 Against it all my wit employ.

That I am old must be confess'd,
 And that I am long past my best,
 But, tho' I've bid adieu to vice,
 And neither value whores nor dice,
 Despise good Bacchus and the vine,
 And water drink instead of wine,
 Yet I was once as young as you,
 Then I behav'd as others do,
 And own I did too much incline
 To gaming, women, and to wine;

But, by th' experience I have had,
I know that all the three are bad.

However men their sex despise,
Women are virtuous, fair and wise,
Adorn'd by heav'n with ev'ry grace,
And seem of the angelic race.

That man is more than mortal blest'd,
Who is of such a one possess'd;

But yet we may too often find

A woman of a different kind,

Who, tho' by nature form'd to charm,

And that her eyes each heart alarm;

Yet spite of youth, nay, wit and sense,

If she hath lost her innocence,

And that her soul to lust is given,

Not all the beauties under heaven,

Tho' they were in one harlot join'd,

Could e'er disturb my steady mind.

Yet I must own it for a truth,

The best of men in heat of youth,

When wanton blood boils in their veins,

Lust then without a rival reigns,

And they behave like thoughtless brutes,

Lying with common prostitutes,

Who have not heat nor warm desire,

But lay their legs abroad for hire.

Nay, ev'n deluded by their charms,

May hug them in their eager arms,

And think it was their want that made,

Such angels ply the wretched trade ;

And if they should those wants remove,
They would not sin except for love.

On this they give them gold and notes,
Lac'd heads, silk gowns, and petticoats;
From top to toe equip them new,
And fondly hope they may prove true;
But he's a fool who hopes to find
A harlot either true or kind;
Since it is certain that no wench,
(Altho' she has no lust to quench)
That doth her brace of stallions want,
To whom she doth her favours grant.

Judge what a risk a man doth run,
Of being all at once undone;
For, if the nose forsake the face,
(Heav'n knows it may be each man's case)
All hopes of joy he must give o'er,
And in the world appear no more:
What man of sense would purchase vice,
Tho' ne'er so sweet, at such a price?
Heav'n guard my friends from such as those,
Who drain the purse, and flat the nose.

Yet, spite of all that I can say,
We must great nature's laws obey;
Women, the greatest joy that heaven
To mortals here below has given,
The youthful heart will still inspire,
With lawless love and hot desire:
Alas! where can we pleasure find,
Except in beautiful womankind?

Tho' some of them are slaves to vice,
 And only sin thro' avarice,
 Yet there are some who are not so,
 But freely love for love bestow.

With such your happy hours employ,
 And take, while young, your fill of joy,
 For age must come, indeed it must;
 Then farewell love, and farewell lust.

You'll then no more the sex pursue,
 Believe me, friend, I tell you true;

Or if, by fond conceit you're led,

To take a female to your bed,

Your recreant limbs will fail you quite,

And you'll fall short of the delight;

The slut will view you with contempt,

And scorn you for your vain attempt.

Each thing in season then is best,

For young men, love, for old men, rest.

Thus much for women; now, I pray

You'd hear with patience what I say,

'Gainst wine, I mean against excess,

That modish word for drunkenness.

That men should pride themselves, that they

Can drink another's sense away,

While they are not so drunk by half,

I own has often made me laugh,

When 'tis well known a hog'shead can

Hold twice as much as any man.

If any man could coolly think,

How he appears when drown'd in drink,

I'm sure he would with caution use
 The vile intoxicating juice :
 Who would his reason quit, or sense,
 Put off the man, and brute commence,
 When by it he can nothing gain
 But sure remorse and certain pain ?

What must he in a morning think,
 Who stab'd a watchman in his drink ?
 Or he whose chance it was to meet
 With some lewd scourer in the street,
 And, for a drunken frolic, led
 A mangey strumpet to his bed ?
 Since these are risques that drunkards run,
 All wise men should the bottle shun.

For gaming, since it is a vice,
 Proceeds alone from avarice,
 I hope I need but little say,
 To make you lothe the thoughts of play ;
 For sharpening rogues are sure to share
 His wealth who games upon the square,
 And, when he's lost his whole estate,
 He'll find his folly when too late.

But why should I take up your time
 With musty morals clad in rhyme,
 When you have sense enough to see,
 The harm there is in all the three.

I have been thinking of you
and of the days when we were
young and full of hope and
dreams. I remember the
way you used to look at me
with such a trusting smile.
I wish I could go back to
those days, to that time
when life was so simple and
sweet. I wish I could see
you again, and talk to you
and hear your voice. I wish
I could hold you in my arms
and feel your heart beating
against mine. I wish I could
be with you now, in this
world of sorrow and pain.
I wish I could be with you
in the next world, where
there is no more death and
no more tears. I wish I could
be with you forever, in
the arms of God, where
we shall be reunited
and reunited again.

P O E M S.

T A L E I.

The FRIGHT.

THAT there are true and faithful lovers,
Experience every day discovers ;
Yet I'm afraid that very few
Of either sex can so subdue
Their natures, or their inclinations,
As to resist some strong temptations ;
Variety gives fresh delight,
And quickens up the appetite.

But love of change is not the cause
Alone, that makes us break the laws
Of sacred love, 'tis a distrust,
We think that others are unjust.
If we behold a lovely maid,
Who is resolv'd to be betray'd,
A lover says, I should accuse
Myself of folly to refuse,
A maid so fair, so full of charms
Whom fortune throws into my arms ;
I am not sure that she I love
So constant to her vows would prove,
But she'd forget all she had sworn,
And do the like, perhaps, and more.
Thus he, distrustful of the maid,
To thousand follies is betray'd ;

And quite neglecting all her charms,
Will take a stranger to his arms.

The strongest oaths but weakly bind,
And, us'd in love, are mostly wind;
By sad experience I am taught,
That solemn vows are good for nought:
Twice I have felt love's cruel dart,
Twice he has pierc'd my honest heart.
The first lov'd woman many a time,
Said that it was the blackest crime
In females to forget their vow,
Or the least change in love allow;
Yet she forgetting what she said,
Run from me at a masquerade.

The second swore more oaths than she,
That she would ever constant be;
But, when I dream'd of being blest,
She went off with an alchymist.

If lovers and their fair ones wou'd
Continue true, continue good,
Let them of absence have a care,
For absence oft doth love impair.

Yet there is danger ev'n in this,
Some people forfeit upon bliss;
Absence doth then augment desire,
And adds new fuel to the fire.

Methinks I hear a lover say,
You've shewn the danger in our way,
It would be kind if you would shew
How we may still continue true.

But here, I find my wisdom fail,
And rather chuse tell a tale.

A lady liv'd, not long ago,
At Paris, where she made a show
With coaches, liv'ries, and what not,
The lady's name I have forgot ;
She still appear'd in pomp and state,
Good cheer she made, and ate in plate.

With her fair Isabella staid,
Was half her friend, and half her maid ;
Beauty she had to that degree,
That there were few so fair as she ;
Her charming looks still rais'd desire,
In all, but Lindar set on fire,
Who with such zeal the fair pursu'd,
That all her pride was soon subdu'd ;
And they, at last, so well agree,
That she deliver'd him the key,
By which, and his strong passion led,
He came to Isabella's bed.

The loving pair did there renew
Their vows, and promis'd to be true ;
But as they were in search of joys,
'They heard a dreadful kind of noise ;
Thunder and light'ning flew about,
Like that Jove sent among the rout
Of earth-born sons, who, on a time,
To high Olympus meant to climb.

Tho' Bell was otherwise employ'd,
The thunder all her bliss destroy'd ;

Her spirits fail'd, she trembling said,
 Alas, dear Lindar ! I'm afraid,
 The gods are angry at our love,
 Which makes them thunder from above :
 Alas, my dear ! how shall we save
 Ourselves ? This bed will be our grave.
 Whither ? ah ! whither shall we fly ?
 I'll to the cellar go, and try,
 If, by my pray'rs, I can appease
 The gods, and make the thunder cease.

The lover begg'd the fair to stay,
 But all in vain, she would away :
 He would have gone with her, but she
 By no means would to that agree ;
 But folding him within her arms,
 You have, said she, so many charms,
 That, if you went with me below,
 I love so well, I do not know,
 But I might do that deed once more,
 For which the gods in anger rore ;
 I beg, dear Lindar ! you may stay,
 While I go down alone and pray.

Next door my lady's daughter staid,
 Who' tho' fifteen was still a maid ;
 The fairest creature e'er was seen,
 For eyes, for face, for shape, for mien
 Who still was sweet, and always mild ;
 And innocent as any child ;
 Who, frighten'd by the thunder, rose,
 And, without putting on her clothes,

But, by her childish terror led,
Came straight to Isabella's bed.

Lindar, who dream'd on nothing less,
Was much surpriz'd, as one may guess,
And to the other side did creep,
Feigning to be in deepest sleep.

Lysetta (so the girl was nam'd)
The drowsy Isabella blam'd,
Saying, Why do you turn away?
Within my bed I durst not stay.
O turn! and take me in your arms.
Protect me from those dire alarms.

Young Lindar, mov'd with her distress,
Did in his arms the fair one press;
But as the dreadful noise increas'd,
The child clung closer to his breast,
That love could scarce have taught her better:
Judge if it was an easy matter
For him to counterfeit a maid,
When she was on his bosom laid.

But soon Lysetta frightened grew,
And from his twining arms withdrew:
Good God! the harmless child cry'd out,
And trembled all from head to foot;
Are you a monster? Tell me, pray,
For, as I was the other day
Upon the river with my mother,
I naked saw just such another;

I thought it had a woman been,
 And fair as any I had seen ;
 Something about its shape was new,
 But, as the creature nearer drew,
 Mamma cry'd out, with great surprize,
 Lysetta, turn away your eyes,
 It is a monster. Now, dear Bell,
 Are you a monster ? Prythee tell.

Lindar, on this his silence broke,
 And with a feigned accent spoke :
 No ; 'tis occasion'd by the fright
 That I have been in all this night :
 Have you not heard your nurse declare,
 That fear has turn'd a man a hare ?
 Nay some, thro' very fear and dread,
 Had horns that grew upon their head.

Lysetta, who but little knew,
 Believ'd the idle fable true ;
 And, being curious, laid her hand
 On what she did not understand.
 But, as the thunder louder grew,
 She nearer still, and nearer drew ;
 At last her leg she o'er him threw ;
 'The opportunity he watch'd,
 And thus the lucky minute catch'd.

But pray, what are you doing, Bell ?
 She said, but yet I cannot tell.
 It is a droll, her breath did fail,
 And wicked Lindar did prevail.

Yet, when the dreadful thunders rore,
 She trembled as she did before;
 And, as she saw the darting light,
 She still apply'd to Lindar's fright,
 That gave her courage and delight.
 At last he begg'd she'd let alone,
 And sighing said, his fright was gone.

Of mortals 'tis the unhappy state,
 That, let our bliss be ne'er so great,
 Yet transitory are our joys,
 And ev'n our bliss, our bliss destroys.
 But heathen gods, (as poets say)
 In this, their godhead do display,
 And mankind do excel in this,
 They rise from bliss, to greater bliss,
 Are always eager, never tire,
 And vigour doth exceed desire.

The fair Lysetta still in fears,
 To Lindar spoke, all bath'd in tears:
 Alas! the thunder still grows louder,
 I fear 'twill crush us all to powder:
 Renew your fright, dear Bell again,
 'Tis that alone can ease my pain.

But her attempts did useless prove,
 Lindar had got enough of love.
 The vex'd Lysetta turn'd to sleep,
 While Lindar from the bed did creep.

However strong our longings are,
 Tho' for our love we all things dare,

Yet when we once have reach'd the blessing,
 We soon grow weary of possessing,
 And want to leave the fair one's arms,
 As much as erst to taste her charms.

Lindar who durst no longer stay,
 Put on his clothes, and went away,
 Fearing lest Bell should end her pray'rs,
 Nay, thought he heard her on the stairs.

Scarce had he made the street-door fast,
 When Bell who all the night had past,
 Upon her knees, in pious pray'r,
 'To still the tempest in the air,
 Now, hearing all things calm and hush'd,
 Again for loving Lindar wish'd;
 Whose circling arms she left with grief,
 But now she hop'd for kind relief,
 And went to bed in that belief.
 Then to Lysetta drawing near,
 She whisper'd softly in her ear,
 How can you sleep when I am here?
 I have my fright recover'd now.
 Lysetta wak'd, and answer'd, How?
 Thanks to the gods, who still are kind,
 But ah! dear Bell, I cannot find
 A fright about you. Bell, on this,
 Believ'd that she had heard amiss;
 But, by her feeling, did discover
 It was Lysett, and not her lover;
 Who told her all had past that night,
 And spoke with raptures of the fright.

Thus Bell found out her lover's treason,
Was vex'd at heart, and she had reason.

Ye lover's, think on what I've said,
And judge, if such a lovely maid,
So young, so fair, so full of charms,
Should clasp you in her naked arms,
Whether you'd her embraces shun,
Or rather do as he has done.

T A L E II.

The CHRYSTAL BOTTLE.

IN Ormond-street, the other day,
A lady who, as people say,
Doth scold her maids like any shrew,
Nay, very often beats them too,
Had got a maid so country-bred,
That she still had her maiden-head.

Whene'er her mistress rais'd her voice,
She trembled at the dreadful noise,
And wish'd that quarter-day was come,
For much she long'd to be at home.

Her lady call'd on Sunday last,
You Bridget, Bridget run in haste,
And, from Lamb's conduit, bring me quick
Some water, for I'm very sick.
Poor Biddy, all in terror shook,
And up a chrystal bottle took;
Away she run, alack the day!
A cursed stone lay in her way,

And just as she had reach'd the well,
Down she and chrystal bottle fell.

As Phaeton, that headstrong fool,
Who wanted wit and strength to rule
His father's steeds, look'd from on high,
And saw the earth, the sea, and sky,
All in a blaze, and thund'ring Jove,
Arm'd with his light'ning, stand above,
All pointed at his destin'd head,
Whose burst he knew would strike him dead;
So look'd poor Biddy, when she found
The shatter'd chrystal on the ground;
Too well her lady's way she knew,
That all excuses, false or true,
Would be in vain; in deep despair,
She beat her breast, and tore her hair.

Alas! she cry'd, there's not in nature
So lost and so undone a creature:
Whither, ah! whither shall I fly?
A handsome 'prentice standing by,
And seeing Biddy all in grief,
Came kindly up to her relief;
He saw the girl was wond'rous fair,
Black were her eyes, and brown her hair.
Upon her cheeks sat blooming youth,
And charming was her little mouth:
Uncover'd was her lovely breast,
That swell'd, as wanting to be press'd.
She seem'd so form'd to give delight,
That Dick was wounded with the sight.

My dear, said he, I can't conceive,
 Why one so fair as you should grieve.
 Alas! she cry'd, I am undone,
 While from her eyes two torrents run:
 I, by my cruel stars, am curs'd
 To serve of womankind the worst:
 Do well or ill, 'tis all the same,
 I cannot please the surly dame;
 Altho' I give her no offence,
 Yet she will take the least pretence,
 To rail and scold, nay beat me too,
 And make my sides both black and blue;
 Think, then, what welcome I shall meet,
 When I return to Ormond-street,
 To tell the glass she thought so fine
 Doth shatter'd on the pavement shine?
 The dreadful thought I cannot bear;
 No, death shall ease me of my care;
 'Tis better far at once to die,
 Than bear her cruel tyranny;
 'Tis death alone can cure my grief,
 To death I fly to seek relief.

Alas! said Dick, my charming fair,
 Why give you way to this despair?
 Would you, who ought to live in joy,
 With your own hands yourself destroy?
 Take courage, fair one, I shall find
 Another bottle of that kind.

No, no, she cry'd, 'tis all in vain;
 'Tis death alone can ease my pain.

Young Dick reply'd, tho' you must die,
 Yet I can see no reason why
 You kill yourself, since doctors tell,
 Self-murderers go down to hell;
 But, if you are resolv'd on killing,
 I'll do't my dear, if you are willing.

With joy fair Bridget gave consent,
 And Richard, on her murder bent,
 Behind a quickset led the fair,
 To end her life, and end her care;
 There laid her down, amongst the dew,
 And run poor Biddy through and through.

To these oppress'd with woe and grief,
 Death is alone the sure relief:
 At first poor Bridget lost her sight;
 She fainted, then she dy'd outright.
 But, when return'd to life again,
 Her heart knew neither grief nor pain;
 Kind Sir, cry'd out the panting fair,
 If thus you cure a maid's despair,
 My lady, in a week or two,
 Will have no bottles, old or new.

T A L E III.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

A Handsom fellow, t'other day,
 Easy, genteel, exceeding gay,
 A fair, tho' arrant prude, addrest,
 Was half in earnest, half in jest.

At first the lover sigh'd and vow'd,
 No greater freedoms were allow'd ;
 In time she heard him tell his pain ;
 She heard, but heard him with disdain :
 He sigh'd, he wept, he pray'd, he swore,
 No real lover could do more ;
 Whole hours at madam's feet he lay,
 And ogling past his time away ;
 But she, still deaf to all he said,
 Declar'd she'd live and die a maid.

The lover saw this would not do,
 He must another course pursue ;
 He found his sighs and tears were vain,
 And but augmented her disdain,
 But being impudent and rude,
 Perhaps might gain upon the prude ;
 So, wholly bent on her undoing,
 Thus wrought about the fair one's ruin.

A thousand apish tricks he play'd,
 And sitting one day by the maid,
 Held both hands out, and smiling said,
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
 Nine, ten ; I'm sure I've told them right ;
 All this I can do in one night,
 And, without boasting, I defy
 A man on earth to do't but I.

This said, the cunning spark retir'd,
 While madam, with the story fir'd,
 Her fingers told. What! eight, nine, ten!
 It cannot be; then told again.

It is ev'n so, yet I, forsooth,
 With scorn beheld this matchless youth,
 Despis'd his love, despis'd his charms,
 But now the man my bosom warms.
 I thought he made a little figure,
 And therefore treated him with rigour :
 But now he seems another creature,
 Improv'd in shape, in air, and feature.
 O! would the youth make love again,
 He should no longer sigh in vain ;
 Tho' I'm a young and tender maid,
 I am not of his strength afraid ;
 I'll hug the dear, the charming man,
 Then let him kill me if he can.

Next day the bragging lover came,
 And shew'd his fingers to the dame.
 The charmer, who had laid aside
 Her airs, her prud'ry, and her pride,
 Put on a smile, and thus began ;
 To me you seem the boldest man
 I ever knew : Strange things you tell,
 You say you all the world excel.
 Suppose I have a mind to try,
 If you spoke true, or told a lie,
 And you of your account fall short,
 When I've given up my maiden fort,
 What do I next ? the wicked youth
 Swore he had only told the truth,
 What he had promis'd he'd make good ;
 And taking up a piece of wood,

On it ten scores with chalk he drew :
 Take this, said he, and see that you,
 (When I a finger do make good,)
 Rub out one score from off the wood.

On this the fair one was content ;
 They stript, and to the bed they went.
 A while the silent pair were dumb,
 But soon the prude rub'd out a thumb ;
 A finger likeways disappear'd,
 And other two were quickly clear'd :
 Long time he kiss'd, then made a shift,
 With much ado, to clear the fifth.

Thus far he did his promise keep,
 Then quietly lay down to sleep.

On this the fair one, all in rage,
 Her weary'd lover did engage ;
 What ! traitor, am I thus betray'd ?
 Is't thus you use a trusting maid ?
 Half of your number is to come,
 You want four fingers and a thumb ;
 You promis'd ten ; say, did you not ?
 The lover who enough had got,
 Without once changing of his hue,
 Did gravely answer, very true,
 I promis'd, but I can't perform ;
 But yet, my dear, you need not storm ;
 I've done but half, I must confess,
 But many are content with less,
 And I, if you'll forgive my crime,
 Will do the rest another time.

T A L E IV.

The LONGING WOMAN.

I Very oft have thought, why women,
 Vex'd with green sickness, or when teeming,
 Should long for plaister, coals, or chalk,
 And pine if we their fancies baulk.

Yet these things are not much amiss,
 Nay, we should humour them in this:
 But women, when they are with child,
 Have sometimes longings far more wild,
 As I shall shew you by and by,
 If you'll with patience cast an eye
 On what I write. A Yorkshire squire,
 When years had left him little fire,
 Did with a youthful wife engage,
 To be the comfort of his age,
 For he had threescore winters told;
 But see th' almighty power of gold.
 He saw a neighbour's charming daughter,
 And of her greedy parents sought her.
 Her parents, by his riches blinded,
 Their daughter's pleasure little minded;
 But Jenny view'd him with disdain,
 And wept, but all her tears were vain.

'They gravely told her it was folly,
 To whine, and be thus melancholy;

They own'd, indeed, the squire was old,
 But he was blest with store of gold,
 And they'd take care he should appoint her
 A very comfortable jointure,
 That would (when he lay in his tomb)
 Soon bring a younger husband home.

At last poor Jenny gave consent
 To do what she could not prevent ;
 So to the church they gravely went.
 The parson ty'd them fast for life,
 And Jenny was an old man's wife ;
 The squire had all the joy he wanted,
 And all he ask'd his Jenny granted :
 She answer'd all his bills at sight,
 Whether at morning, noon, or night ;
 But very few demands he made,
 And Jenny had but little trade ;
 But being young, and likewise fair,
 She thought it folly to despair.

Fox-hunting was the squire's delight,
 And seldom did return till night ;
 But while he thus his sport enjoy'd,
 His wife was otherwise employ'd ;
 Tho' what she did I cannot tell,
 At last the dame began to swell.

This to her spouse she did declare,
 Who hoping strongly for an heir,
 With tears of joy embrac'd the fair.
 My dear, said he, my charming wife,
 Thou joy, thou comfort of my life,

My heart is overwhelm'd with joy,
 Pray heav'n the child may be a boy;
 Be what it will, I here declare
 That it shall be my only heir;
 At least, I'll have no other wife,
 Tho' you should die, my dearest life.
 Which heav'n forbid; you're young my dear,
 And may live many and many a year.

Jenny, who was at first afraid,
 She had so oft the squire betray'd,
 Was highly pleas'd with what he said;
 For she, who never thought amiss,
 Knew well the child was none of his.

And now came on her longing fits;
 She long'd at first for dainty bits:
 The husband all things got with care,
 In hopes to see the wish'd-for heir.

At last her longings grew so high,
 She told her spouse she'd surely die,
 Unless the parson would bestow
 On her an inch of what you know.

My dear, her husband did reply,
 Why, this is flat adultery.

I know not what it is, said she,
 But if you won't with this agree,
 I'm sure I'll die this very night,
 And never bring the babe to light;
 If you had lov'd me, at this pinch,
 You had not grudg'd a single inch.

Away the doating husband went ;
 The pious parson was content,
 And proud that ladies, in their grief,
 Should send to him to bring relief.

The loving husband was at care
 In managing this nice affair,
 And, coming in, said to his wife,
 The parson's come to save your life.

'Tis very well, said she, my dear ;
 But when she saw the inch appear,
 She curs'd and swore that she was wrong'd ;
 It was not for that inch I long'd,
 You stupid blockhead, let me tell ye ;
 It was the inch that's next his belly.

T A L E V.

The NINEVITE.

WHOE'ER believes that want of sense
 Can be to virtue a defence,
 And keep a maid from doing ill,
 May, if he pleases, think so still.
 For me, of two things I am sure,
 That honour cannot be secure,
 And virtue may be soon ensnar'd,
 When folly is its only guard.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
 In Durham liv'd a pretty maid,
 A prebend's daughter, young and fair,
 Her father's darling, mother's care ;
 Never was finer figure seen,
 But, ah ! she was a mere machine,
 From wit, from sense, from knowlege free,
 She wonder'd one and two made three.
 Yet both her eyes threw darts around,
 And Sally many lovers found.

Achilles' spear, the poets say,
 Could wound, and pains of wounds allay ;
 So Sally's tongue brought quick relief
 To those who suffer'd am'rous grief.

Her parents, conscious how she charm'd,
 With constant fears the fair alarm'd ;
 And begg'd their daughter to beware
 Of men, who would her heart insnare ;
 That she would her dear honour mind,
 And keep at distance from mankind,
 Who still would make attempts upon her,
 And strive to rob her of her honour.

But such was Sally's ignorance,
 That it was only by a chance,
 (As with a girl she talk'd one day)
 She learn'd the place where honour lay ;
 Till then it was to her a riddle,
 If 'twas in head, in feet, or middle :
 But, now she knew its situation,
 She shew'd her virtue and discretion ;

And to secure it, night and day,
 Upon her honour sat or lay ;
 On this position she rely'd,
 And honour's enemies defy'd ;
 Asleep or waking, 'twas the same,
 And, when into a room she came,
 Still mindful of the main affair,
 Secur'd her honour on a chair.

Her silly parents were amaz'd,
 And in their hearts her conduct prais'd ;
 They saw she minded what they said,
 Nor fear'd she now could be betray'd ;
 And therefore begg'd that she would go
 To ev'ry ball and ev'ry show.

Her parents she in this obey'd,
 But yet the idiot was afraid,
 And never could be brought to dance,
 Lest she should meet with some mischance :
 But to her cousin Tom declar'd
 Her love to honour and its guard ;
 That, when she sat on't, she was sure
 Her dear lov'd honour was secure ;
 But if she danc'd, or jump'd about,
 She fear'd her honour might drop out.

The lewd young dog o'erjoy'd at this,
 To Sally said, my pretty miss,
 What you, my dear, have said, is true,
 But I will tell you what I'll do ;
 Go with me, till those people sup,
 So close I'll stich your honour up,

That without other guard you may
Be free from fear by night or day.

See how a fool may be deceiv'd,
The changeling the young rake believ'd ;
And, stealing out, ask'd at the spark,
If he could stitch her in the dark.

Yes, yes, said Tom. But Sally said,
'Twill hurt my honour I'm afraid.
The first stitch only, said the rake,
Perhaps may make your honour ake.
Tom stitch'd and stitch'd as long's he cou'd,
And swore his workmanship was good ;
But when he meant to go away,
Wife Sally cry'd, Dear Tomie stay ;
You have not stitch'd me half, I fear,
Feel, Tomie, what a gash is here !

Tom, sighing, said, that's true, indeed,
But now I am run out of thread ;
And going off, the fair one cries,
Dear Tomie, you are telling lies,
And only make a false excuse,
You still have left two swinging clews.

T A L E VI.

MUCH NOISE AND LITTLE WOOL.

A true STORY.

A Mountain once, in days of old,
 (As is by merry Æsop told)
 In labour was; the midwives all,
 Both male and female, short and tall,
 About her came to her relief,
 And ease the mountain of her grief;
 Strong were her throws, and loud her moans,
 And Echo answer'd back her groans;
 All wonder at the dire portent,
 And trembling waited the event.
 At last a dreadful cry was heard,
 And strait a little mouse appear'd;
 Shame seiz'd on all the gazing crew,
 Who curs'd the mountain, and withdrew.

These little tales call'd allegories,
 Have been of special use in stories;
 And men, who durst not name the matter,
 In fables hid the keenest satyr:
 But all such caution I despise,
 I tell my tale without disguise.

The op'ning of all missive letters,
 (With all due deference to my betters)

A custom is, that I declare
 I neither honest think nor fair.
 May I not be in love, or debt ?
 In a good humour, or in pet,
 Or kiss a harlot in the dark ?
 But in two days a post house clerk
 Shall to some other man discover,
 That I'm a bankrupt, or a lover ;
 I either way meet with disgrace,
 Yet this is very oft the case.

Not long ago an open'd letter,
 Was full of treasonable matter :
 One who had lately left this isle,
 And stay'd at Utrecht for a while,
 Wrote to his friend ; dear Jack said he,
 At last, I'm safe got cross the sea,
 Where I your orders shall obey
 In ev'ry thing, and ev'ry way ;
 Ten dozen armour, good and new,
 As any warrior ever knew,
 The best that Holland can afford,
 I bought, and safely put on board
 A ship belong to Kirkcaldie,
 The skipper's name is Robert Waldie :
 They'll serve you for your next campaign ;
 In spring I shall be home again :
 Farewel ; God blefs our sovereign.

This letter, as I said, was seiz'd,
 And much the post-house clerk displeas'd,

Who to some great men quickly went,
That packets northward might be sent.

The custom-house strict orders got,
That for preventing of a plot,
They'd seize on Waldie and his ship,
And on their lives not let her slip;
Nay plainly told them they had reason,
To think the ship was fraught with treason.

To Edinburgh these orders came,
The custom-board, all men of fame!
Wise, solid, prudent, skill'd in law,
From pretty † Brent to Tete comme ça,
Thought it was fit they should consult
The magistrates, as men adult.

They did, and then it was decreed,
To man their boats and sloops with speed,
With honest men, that were most handy,
In seizing, I mean, running brandy.

On this the boats were sent away,
And met with Waldie near the May;
And tho' the wind was in their teeth,
Brought ship and cargo up to Leith.
The captain knew not what they mean'd,
And for some time believ'd they dream'd.
But when they for his arms inquir'd,
His owner's names, and by whom hir'd;
Of arms he said he nothing knew,
And if they'd search, they'd find it true.

† Two commissioners of the customs. The story of Tete comme ça is well known.

They wonder'd he'd the truth deny,
 Since they could catch him in a lie,
 But rather wish'd he'd speak the truth;
 Then ask'd him, if, from such a youth,
 He got no arms? for that, said he,
 You shall that armour quickly see;
 I have them lying in my trunk;
 I own the gentleman was drunk
 When he deliver'd me that parquet,
 For which your honours make this racket.

In anger to his chest he went,
 And a seal'd bundle did present;
 For arms it seem'd to be too light,
 But, opening it they saw a sight
 That made them look like lifeless dogs,
 To wit, the bladders of some hogs,
 A-top with scarlet ribbon ty'd,
 By which some warriors defy'd
 The dangers, and the dreadful harms,
 Are risqu'd in mercenary arms.

May they, who, without any ground,
 The joys of friendship thus confound,
 When hoping to find out a plot
 Get heaps of rundams to their lot;
 May fortune still those people chouse,
 And ev'ry mountain bring a mouse.

T A L E VII.

The QUESTION answered.

TELL me, friend John ; do, if you can,
 What is the reason, if a man
 Attempts to take a lady fair
 By you know what, byes you know where,
 That, while he lives, he still shall find
 The female, be she cross or kind,
 Fret, frown, and push his hand away,
 Tell me the reason, tell me pray.

Thoughtful and sage John sat a while,
 Then answer'd Thomas with a smile :
 Thomas, a case you never put,
 But it begins or ends in snut ;
 None but the wicked can applaud ye,
 Since all your thoughts still run on bandy ;
 But yet, for once, my friend, I'll try,
 If I your doubts can satisfy.

Women still make a great pretence
 To modesty and innocence,
 And about virtue make a rout ;
 This is the reason, without doubt.
 Ah, friend ! said Thomas, with concern,
 I see you are but still to learn ;
 Your understanding's good for nought,
 And you are better fed than taught.

Virtue and modesty's a story,
 As little thought on as John Dorry.
 Listen, you shall the reason know,
 Whene'er you thrust your hand below,
 All women, be they foul or fair,
 Know that a hand is useless there ;
 But if, from May-day to December,
 You offer there the proper member,
 Push as you will to give them pain,
 They'll neither wince nor yet complain.

T A L E VIII.

WELL JUDGED.

AN alderman, a wealthy cit,
 One morning met a man of wit;
 Dear Dick, said he, I like your way,
 You're always chearful, ever gay ;
 Yet, if what I've heard be true,
 Fortune has been unkind to you,
 And has deny'd the only blessing
 We citizens think worth possessing ;
 'Tis wealth I mean, and that your sense
 Is oft more current than your pence.
 Good faith, reply'd our merry spark,
 My worthy friend, you've hit the mark,

I very often know the curse
 Of being with an empty purse ;
 A sad disease, and I am sure,
 I gladly would find out a cure ;
 For, since the truth must be confess'd,
 It very often breaks my rest :
 It blunts my humour, dulls my wit.
 'Tis very well, reply'd the cit,
 The sickness known, the cure is easy,
 And I shall do my best to please ye.
 What think you of a wealthy wife ?
 Could you endure the married life ?
 A woman with ten thousand pound,
 Young, blooming, cheerful, fair, and sound,
 May soon be had, if you incline ;
 What answer give you, friend of mine ?

The merry spark a while was dumb,
 He scratch'd his head, and bit his thumb,
 Look'd very wise and very grave ;
 Then to the cit this answer gave.
 My friend, I am not such a sot,
 (If such a marriage could be got)
 As to refuse to tie the knot :
 But I'm afraid you'll scarcely find
 A fortune of that gen'rous mind,
 Who will her hopes of greatness quit,
 And wed a poor man for his wit ;
 Nay, I for ever do despair
 To get a wife both rich and fair.

The alderman reply'd, I see
 Your want of faith and trust to me ;
 But ere to-morrow come I may
 Shew you a proof of what I say ;
 Come dine with me, I know what's what,
 I have three girls, but mum for that :
 You'll have for dinner, beef and fish,
 And wine as good as you can wish.
 My girls can dance, can sing and play,
 And are, like you, for ever gay.
 My wife, you know, is dead long since,
 And I live merry like a prince :
 You know enough's as good's a feast,
 And you shall be a welcome guest.

I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
 Said Dick, you act a friendly part ;
 Would I could shew my gratitude
 To one so very kind and good :
 But what's within my pow'r I'll do,
 And be obedient still to you.

The alderman, with great content,
 Home to his house with Richard went ;
 Who, tho' he there had often been,
 Yet never had the daughters seen :
 But now the father meant that he
 Should have a sight of all the three.

Down stairs they came: and Richard swore,
 He ne'er beheld such charms before ;
 Beauty and youth, and ev'ry grace ;
 Alike adorn'd each smiling face ;

And sprightlineſs in all appear'd,
 And ev'ry look his boſom cheer'd;
 His ſoul was raviſh'd with delight,
 And flutter'd at the joyous ſight.

And now they all at dinner ſat,
 And paſt their time in merry chat;
 But love had riſſed Richard's quiet,
 And made him quite neglect his diet;
 By turns the ſiſters he ſurvey'd,
 And thus, at length, his wit diſplay'd.

The haughty wife of thundering Jove,
 Minerva, and the queen of love,
 Three goddeſſes (as we are told)
 From heav'n came down, in days of old;
 The prize of beauty was the end,
 That made theſe goddeſſes deſcend.
 Since Diſcord had an apple giv'n,
 That much diſturb'd the peace of heav'n:
 For ſhe, till then, had been a gueſt
 At ev'ry marriage, ev'ry feaſt:
 But with her endleſs malice tir'd,
 Her preſence they no more deſir'd.
 This ſo enrag'd the ſpiteful dame,
 That ſhe to high Olympus came,
 And 'mongſt the goddeſſes ſhe threw
 A golden apple, then withdrew,
 And, grinning, ſaid, let this be giv'n
 To her that faireſt is in heav'n.

Each goddeſs ſtrove to ſeize the fruit,
 And rais'd in heav'n a great diſpute;

But when the three that I have nam'd,
 Each for herself the apple claim'd,
 The lesser goddeffes were mute,
 And left with grief the golden fruit ;
 Yet would no god in heaven decree
 Who had th' advantage of the three.
 At last the gods desir'd that they,
 To Ida's mount would take their way,
 And there find out some shepherd youth,
 Whose untaught soul knew only truth,
 Free from ambition and from pride,
 Who only could the cause decide.

O happy Paris! it was you
 Three naked goddeffes did view,
 And to love's queen gave up the prize ;
 But, spite of sense, and spite of eyes,
 If you had these bright sisters seen,
 The choice had not so easy been ;
 You ne'er had ended the dispute,
 Nor known to whom t' have giv'n the fruit.
 Dick's flatt'ry all the sisters pleas'd,
 While raptures on the father seiz'd,
 Dear Dick, he cry'd, to tell the truth,
 Thou art a most bewitching youth ;
 Whate'er you do with ease is done.
 I wish I had you for a son.
 And now, my friend, and daughters dear,
 'To what I say pray lend an ear ;
 I wish, dear Richard, you'd agree
 'To take a wife out of the three :

Ten thousand pounds to each I'll give,
 And make it better if I live,
 And she on whom my Dicky pitches,
 Shall ne'er complain for want of riches.

Dick, at this strange discourse amaz'd,
 Upon the blushing sisters gaz'd ;
 He fear'd it was the effect of drink,
 And knew not what to say or think :
 No wealth, no money, had he got,
 Nor was he worth a single groat.

But th' alderman began again,
 And did his former speech explain :
 Dear daughters, I of wealth have store,
 Nor do I ask or wish for more :
 Dick is my friend, but Dick you know
 No kind of jointure can bestow ;
 But Dick has sense, and Dick has wit,
 And Dick for ev'ry thing is fit,
 While elder brothers, as you know,
 Are good for nothing, but for show.
 I ne'er could bear these gaudy boys,
 Of all mankind Dick is my choice.

The smiling sisters own'd, for truth,
 They had no quarrel to the youth :
 But yet they thought it was but fair
 That Richard should his mind declare.
 On this the charming maids withdrew,
 And left poor Dick, I know not how.

The alderman, his daughters gone,
 And he and Richard left alone,

A bumper fill'd. Dear Dick, said he,
Here is a health to all the three ;
Take which of them best pleases thee.

Dear Sir, said Dick, I cannot tell,
I love them all so very well ;
They all of them such charms possess
That I am puzzled I confess ;
Had I but one bright beauty view'd,
With ease she had my heart subdu'd ;
But when that three, with equal charms,
A heart like mine at once alarms,
Each form'd alike for heav'nly joys,
I know not how to make a choice.

Paris, as I have lately told,
(But that was in the days of old)
When three bright ladies of the sky
To him, as umpire, did apply,
Made them their heav'nly robes unpin,
And stripp'd each goddess to the skin.
But now such freedoms will not pass :
Tho' we with ease may find a lass,
Who will all night lye by your side,
Yet such is now the sex's pride,
That tho' we flatter, fawn, and beg,
The saucy thing won't shew her leg.

Your daughters, Sir, are heav'nly fair,
But when their beauties I compare,
I freely own I can't discover
To which of them I'm most a lover ;

But, if their wit you'll let me try,
I'll soon find out the mystery.

Yet let each maid keep on her mask,
Till I one single question ask,
For I must honestly confess,
It favours much of wantonness,
And on their cheeks may raise a blush,
And that I swear, I do not wish;
But since I am to chuse a wife,
And that the comfort of my life
Depends upon the lucky chance,
Forgive me this extravagance.

The alderman was well content,
And for his charming daughters sent,
To whom he told what Dick had said,
And hop'd they would not be afraid,
Since sure it would be no hard task,
To answer what his friend would ask,
And begg'd, since one must be a bride,
They'd lay all bashfulness aside.

The maids consent, and Dick, on this,
Of each fair sister took a kiss;
These kisses set his heart on fire,
And in him rais'd such strong desire,
That he stood trembling and amaz'd,
And on each lovely charmer gaz'd.

The masks were fix'd, and Dick begun,
I wish, dear ladies, I could shun

The asking questions, but I find
 I am so much to all inclin'd,
 That, in my soul, I can't agree
 Who is the dearest of the three ;
 Whoe'er I get, I'm sure of joys,
 Yet I'm confounded in my choice ;
 But since you gen'rously submit,
 To make a trial of your wit,
 Forgive me, fair ones, then, if I
 Your knowlege by a question try ;
 And pardon me if to your ears
 The question something odd appears ;
 Whether the mouth that's in your face,
 Or that in a more hidden place,
 The eldest is? Who answers best
 Shall triumph in my happy breast,
 If with that breath the fair one gives
 A reason why she so believes.

The masks their rosy cheeks conceal'd
 While blushing necks their shame reveal'd.

The first-born daughter said, in truth
 I think the eldest is my mouth,
 Since in it there are teeth of bone,
 In that below, I'm sure, are none.

The second said, the seat of love,
 Is eldest; for the mouth above,
 Upon its lips no hair can show,
 But I have got a beard below ;
 And added with a kind of rage,
 Is not a beard a sign of age ?

The youngest sister, smiling, said,
 I'm but a young and silly maid ;
 But yet I think the mouth above
 Is elder than the seat of love ;
 And why I say I thus evince ;
 My upper mouth was wean'd long since,
 And flesh, and fish, and bones can eat,
 But mouth below longs for the teat.

Richard on this embrac'd the fair,
 And for the youngest did declare ;
 He married her with great content,
 And never did his choice repent.

T A L E IX.

The C R A B.

THERE stands a town 'twixt Wemyss and
 Leven,
 Well known in Fyfe, and called Buckhaven,
 For fishers fam'd, these hardy fellows,
 Tho' Æolus blow all his bellows,
 Yet go to sea, and never care
 Whether the wind be cross or fair ;
 Their trade is fish, they sell the best,
 Their wives and brats eat up the rest :
 And, tho' they feed on nought but fish,
 They give new names to ev'ry dish :
 Nay, tho' ridiculous, ne'er care,
 For haddocks are call'd capons there ;

And what, to strangers, give surprize,
 They call the crabs Buckhaven pyes;
 And these, they have in so great plenty,
 That for a penny they'll sell twenty.

Not long ago their parson died,
 But soon they got their church supplied,
 By one who always did maintain
 That there was godliness in gain;
 What in the next world might betide
 He knew not, but he would provide
 A treasure, in this present life;
 To this agreed his thirsty wife,
 Who ev'ry day provided fish,
 Not only as the cheapest dish,
 But that she knew they would inspire
 Mafs Thomas' blood with great desire;
 And sure there could be no offence
 In loving due benevolence.

Thus they went on in great content,
 And kept a cheap luxurious Lent;
 Their wealth each day increas'd, their nights
 Were past in conjugal delights,
 And master Thomas and his wife,
 Alike admir'd the happy life.

But ah! how transient are our joys?
 Old Satan oft our bliss destroys,
 And is offended, out of measure,
 When he can't sour our peace and pleasure:

Ungrateful Satan! how couldst thou
 Thy malice to this couple shew?
 Did e'er mafs Thomas, or his wife,
 Do wrong to thee in all thy life!
 Did he in act, or in opinion,
 Disturb the peace of thy dominion!
 No; he was quiet, honest, civil,
 And thought it sin to cheat the devil;
 Yet thou a cursed trick didst play
 And the well-meaning pair betray.

I've told that fish was all their food,
 But still they had them fresh and good;
 Six crabs they on a day had got,
 And put four of them in the pot,
 The other two 'till night they kept,
 Who through the house at freedom crept,
 But one of them oppress'd with thirst,
 Crawl'd to a tub where madam piss'd,
 And, with the saltness pleas'd, did stay
 Until the shutting of the day.

'Twas winter time, the days were short,
 Mafs Thomas in his chair did snort,
 As was his custom while his spouse
 Went like a bee about the house;
 For she, of house-wives far the best,
 From morn to night would never rest,
 But turn'd her hand to ev'ry thing,
 That could a penny save or bring:
 Two maids she had, the one was spinning,
 The other one was dressing linen;

So, feeling nothing was amiss,
She to the garden went to piss.

The crab, who thought on no such matter,
Astonish'd with the scalding water,
Thrust out her claw, I do not joke ye,
And took fast hold o' her *tu quoque*.

In dreadful pain and great surprise,
Poor ma'am fill'd the house with cries;
Her husband wak'd, and to her came,
And kindly ask'd what ail'd the dame.
Alas! she cried, my dear, I'll tell ye,
The devil has got me by the belly:
O help me, husband! help! she cry'd.
Mean time she all her clothes unty'd;
For haste her milk-white smock she tore,
And threw off ev'ry rag she wore.

Mas Thomas, when he saw her grief,
Assuring her of quick relief,
Kneel'd down, in hopes to ease the fair;
But crab, who had of claws a pair,
His pious purpose did oppose,
And snap'd the parson by the nose.

Mas Thomas now to roar began,
She call'd her maids, he call'd his man;
Who running to them with a light,
Were quite confounded with the fight;
The parson's wife without her cloaths,
And at her ——— her husband's nose,

Where long enough it might have staid,
 But Nann, a clever handy maid,
 Depriv'd the wicked crab of life,
 And so reliev'd both man and wife ;
 Who much offended with the pain,
 Swore ne'er to taste shell-fish again.

T A L E X.

The C H A P L A I N.

A Handsom lady, young and gay,
 By nature form'd for am'rous play,
 Forc'd by her mother, and by fate,
 Was marry'd to a rev'rend mate :
 A Surry knight of sixty-five
 And dull as any man alive.

But he, who has of gold enough,
 Needs never want such household stuff :
 The world is now so full of vice,
 That if a man pays down the price,
He'll find some mothers are not shy,
 To sell what he is fond to buy ;
 And he may either get a wife,
 Or, if he hate a married life,
 And only would a leman seek,
 She'll hire her daughter for a week,
 Nor think the girl a pin the worse,
 If he will but untie his purse.

This with miss Jeany was the case,
 She once was sold to please his grace ;
 Who thinking she had been a maid,
 Five hundred pounds her mother paid ;
 But Jeany was a clever lass,
 And of his honour made an ass ;
 Her cousin Tom, a sprightly lad,
 A year before that jewel had ;
 But Jeany had reserv'd the case,
 Which gave contentment to his grace.

The duke soon slacken'd in his flame,
 And old Sir Ralph a-wooing came,
 Who notwithstanding of his age,
 In marriage-trambles would engage ;
 But such an old and feeble brute,
 Did ill with Jeany's temper suit ;
 But wise mamma her daughter told,
 Sir Ralph was rich, tho' he was old,
 And she should have as much a-year,
 To buy her pins, as what the peer
 Had paid her for her maidenhead,
 And when the doting monster's dead,
 Your jointure shall be such, that you
 In marrying him shall never rue ;
 Besides, my dear, you cannot tell
 But you may soon begin to swell ;
 Think, Jean, if that should be your fate,
 Your child would heir Sir Ralph's estate ;
 Nor think, dear child, that I expect,
 You should your youth and joys neglect ;

Of love and pleasure take your fill,
And cuckold him whene'er you will.

When Jean this sage discourse had heard,
Her former scruples all were clear'd,
And chearfully, that very night,
Was married to the stupid knight,
Who was transported with the joy
Of having got her virgin toy.

Sir Ralph, delighted with his choice,
In his dear Jeany did rejoice,
And took her to his house next day,
Where all was fine, and all was gay ;
'Tis true the knight was not so ready,
At one amusement, as my lady ;
But yet she did not take it ill,
For cousin Tom was with her still.
But when her friend to London went,
'Twas then that she began her Lent :
Sir Ralph was sparing of his flesh,
And seldom did his spouse refresh ;
Who, finding that her aged knight
Doz'd all the day, slept all the night,
Behav'd her like a prudent dame,
And look'd about for younger game.

Sir Ralph, a churchman true and keen,
Still lov'd Sacheverel and the queen :
And tho' they were both dead and rotten,
Thought they should never be forgotten ;
And piously each day in stealth,
Drank to the queen and doctor's health ;

For tho' he knew they were in glory,
 He fighting said, he would be sorry
 They were forgot by any Tory.

His chaplains all from Oxford came,
 Men orthodox, whose hearts did flame,
 With holy zeal for mother church,
 The followers of doctor Birch.

His present chaplain, doctor Speed,
 Is of the true Dodwellian breed,
 Denies the privilege of salvation
 To all dissenters in the nation ;
 Since, wanting souls, they could not go
 To heav'n above, or hell below ;
 Yet otherways, he is, by nature,
 A kind, obliging, loving creature ;
 He pities women in distress,
 And makes their husbands labour less.

For wives, as I am told, may want
 What an old husband scarce can grant ;
 And therefore, when in greatest need,
 Apply themselves to doctor Speed,
 Who never their request denies,
 But kindly with their wish complies ;
 For he is handsom, young and strong,
 Smug-fac'd and neat ; nor was it long
 Before her ladyship began
 To view with love the pious man ;
 But, tho' she meant him for a lover,
 She did not any thing discover,

But only made a few advances
By little hints and wanton glances.

The doctor is a cunning youth,
And very soon found out the truth,
And meant that day to shew my lady
That for her service he was ready;
Nor did he let occasion slip,
For finding her fair ladyship;
Pretending sleep upon the bed,
He to her crept, and nothing said;
First took her coats up, next her linen,
And then began to downright sinning.

At last my lady rais'd her eyes,
And seem'd to look with great surprise.
Tell me, you saucy cur, said she,
Who gave this privilege to thee?
Madam, (and there he stop'd a while)
The doctor answer'd with a smile,
If I have giv'n the least offence,
I'll do no more, but fly from hence.

You fool, said she, perform your task,
I only did the question ask.

T A L E XI.

The INK BOTTLE.

A Scriv'ner once, a driv'ling sot,
 A young and handsom wife had got,
 Who never could resist temptation,
 But felt a constant titillation.

Robin was old, and often sick,
 And scarcely kifs'd her once a-week ;
 Such usage did but ill agree
 With one so young, so hot as she,
 Who found that she had love in store
 For him and twenty lovers more :
 And, being in her youthful prime,
 Resolv'd no more to lose her time ;
 But while her husband wrote indentures,
 To go in search of love-adventures.

A woman, if she's young and fair,
 Of lovers never can despair ;
 That this is an undoubted truth,
 Ask Robin's wife the handsom Ruth,
 Who now of stallions has a score,
 And ev'ry week is adding more,
 With whom she traffiques ev'ry day,
 And sends them satisfied away.

Is ever kissing, toying, shoving,
And knows no end of lust or loving.

Tho' she can weary all her lovers,
No weariness she e'er discovers,
But in the pastime takes delight,
And change restores her appetite.
Amongst her friends are men of figure,
She chuses others for their vigour ;
If they perform what she desires,
She seldom of their birth enquires,
And wisely, hating empty shew,
Prefers the footman to the beau.

One day she saw a handsom Black,
With brawny legs and sturdy back,
Well shap'd, broad-shoulder'd, young and tall,
As he stood pissing at the wall,
His instrument of generation,
Rais'd up in Ruth an inclination
To try if white or black was best,
And meant to put it to the test.
She strait for Oroonoko sent ;
The jolly footman was content ;
She felt his skin, and then began
To strip the sooty African ;
That naked trials were the best
She knew, and so herself undrest.

Never was seen so odd a sight,
For Ruth was like a lilly white,
And he as any raven black ;
But soon he threw her on her back :

To me they seem'd, (for I and Nanny
 Look'd in a closet thro' a cranny,
 Distinctly saw each thing that past)
 While her white limbs were round him cast,
 Like to a cann, I once did buy,
 Of ebon hoop'd with ivory.

But Nan, a young and wanton whore,
 Enlarg'd the cranny in the door,
 And said, heav'n ward us all from evil,
 An angel battles with the devil ;
 But I my maidenhead will lay,
 The little angel gains the day ;
 'Tho' Satan wrestles to a wonder,
 And strives to keep the angel under,
 Yet you shall see, mark what I tell ye,
 The angel ride on Satan's belly.

And truth the little slut had skill,
 For in a moment he lay still,
 And then sunk down by Ruth her side,
 Who presently got up to ride ;
 Kick how he could she still held fast,
 And got the victory at last ;
 Yet Ruth declar'd, that never man
 Was like her charming African ;
 And begg'd he would come back next day,
 For she had something more to say.

In these diversions honest Ruth
 Employ'd her person and her youth,
 While Robin ply'd his gray-goose wing,
 And never dream'd of such a thing.

But Ruth continued at this sport,
 Until her petticoats grew short.
 This gave great joy to filly Robin,
 Who thought, that by his weekly jobbing,
 He in his wife had rais'd this tumour,
 Which put him in a merry humour.

But when a tawny boy crept out,
 The witlefs fool began to doubt,
 And, all in rage, he said to Ruth,
 Thou Delilah, confests the truth:
 Come, all thy wicked dealings tell,
 Make haste, thou curfed Jezebel.

Ruth, smiling on him, said, my dear,
 Why do I such harsh language hear?
 My virtue is well known to you,
 I ever have been chaste and true,
 And hop'd, that this my little boy,
 That gave me grief, would give you joy.

Yes, so it would, said he in wrath,
 But, Impudence, I have not faith
 To think, when you and I are fair,
 That we should have a tawny heir.

Ruth rais'd her voice, and said, You sot,
 You drunken beast, have you forgot,
 Nine months ago, oppress'd with drink,
 You spilt, at least, a quart of ink
 Full on your breast, it stain'd your skin?
 But you was on a merry pin,
 And laid me down, then thrust it in;

It was the ink that came from you,
 'That gave my babe that dusky hue:
 Pox rot you, for a nasty brute,
 Who 'did your milk-white wife pollute.

This answer gave him joy and life,
 He kiss'd the boy, and hugg'd his wife.

T A L E XII.

The SIMPLETON.

MEN, who are set on doing evil,
 Have no regard to God or devil,
 But piously pursue their course,
 Without reflection or remorse;
 And, to accomplish their intent,
 Ten thousand wicked tricks invent,
 And make the cheating maids and wives
 The joy and bus'ness of their lives;
 For, when they have a wife betray'd,
 Or stole the honour from a maid
 They pride themselves in what they've done,
 And boast the conquest they have won.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
 Not long ago a handsome maid,
 Bred in the country, innocent,
 To London to a sister went,

A virtuous woman and discreet,
Who lodgings let in Suffolk-street.

O'erjoy'd she was to see her sister,
And, running to her, kindly kiss'd her;
Then, soon as they had set them down,
Said gravely to her, Nanny Brown, }
Since I have brought you up to town,
I hope you will be rul'd by me,
Who always have been fond of thee:
I see, dear child, you're very fair,
But of thy beauty have a care;
Believe me, in this wicked place, }
A handsom shape, a lovely face,
Brings many women to disgrace;
Beware, dear Nanny, what you do,
And let the men in vain pursue.

Nanny a country court'sey dropp'd.
And, blushing, answer'd, that she hop'd
To be observing of her duty,
But she was sure she had no beauty.
She said, the beauties all are fair,
Have light blue eyes and flaxen hair;
But mine is like the down of crows,
And eyes are black as any flocks,
No man will think me worth his while.
Her sister answer'd, with a smile,
Trust not to that, but have a care,
Tho' you are black, they'll think you fair;
Never believe a word they say,
For all they mean is to betray.

'The men are all in morals loose,
 And I've a lodger in the house,
 Who, tho' he seems exceeding young,
 Has cunning and a flattering tongue;
 And, though I'm something past my prime,
 Has try'd my virtue many a time:
 And, Nanny, to confess the truth,
 He is a most bewitching youth.
 But I have all his wiles defy'd,
 And to this hour his suit deny'd;
 Yet I as freely own, I doubt,
 If I can hold much longer out;
 But I'll call pride to my assistance,
 And, if I can, still make resistance.

Yet, dearest Nanny, should I grant
 Those favours that he seems to want,
 And yield him all, I am secure,
 I cannot any harm endure,
 For I an honest husband have,
 And marriage will my honour save;
 Nay, though my spouse should be beguil'd,
 He never will suspect the child.
 On th' other hand, my dear, if you,
 A thing like what I speak of do,
 'Twould be your ruin and disgrace,
 Nor could you e'er hold up your face;
 If you should lay your legs aside,
 Or make your virgin passage wide,
 Till you in church are made a bride.

}

Dear Nanny Brown, if you have sense,
Till then preserve your innocence ;
For, if your maidenhead you touch,
The nature of the thing is such,
'Twill slip away, and you in vain
Shall wish to have it back again.

And, if your belly chance to grow,
As what may happen none can know,
Then all the men will from you run,
And you, my dear, will be undone.
But, above all things, see that you
With my young lodger nothing do ;
Speak not to him, for he has sense,
And will corrupt your innocence :

But I, your ruin to prevent,
Will rather to his wish consent,
Since it no harm can do to me,
But it would surely ruin thee.

My husband is gone down to York,
And I'm depriv'd of nightly work ;
Since then my spouse is out of sight,
I think I'll do't this very night.

Poor simple Nanny, for her part,
Return'd her thanks with all her heart,
And said, I'll carefully obey
All your commands by night and day ;
Nay, I so close my legs will keep,
That, whether waking or asleep,
It shall not be an easy matter,
For the most rampant fornicator,

Tho' he should slip within my bed,
To rob me of my maiden-head.

As thus these prudent sisters talk'd,
Into the room the lodger walk'd ;
And Nanny, who had got her cue,
A court'sey made, and then withdrew.

The spark, who had not seen her face,
Was glad that she had left the place :
And, sitting down just by her sister,
First felt her breast, then warmly kiss'd her.

Good mistress Jones (that was her name)
Told him, It was a burning shame,
Still to be kissing, at that rate,
A woman he thought out of date.

What! out of date! with great surprise
The lover said. By those dear eyes,
By all that's holy, all that's dear,
To me you handsomer appear
'Than any maid in bloom of youth ;
Believe me, fair one, this is truth.
Again he hugg'd, again he kiss'd,
Till she, unable to resist,
(As the young rake did oft avouch)
Fell backwards on a velvet couch,
On which they did solace a while,
And in sweet love the time beguile ;
Nay more, to shew his love sincere,
From thence adjourn'd to elbow chair.
The yielding dame, brimful of joy,
With raptures kiss'd the am'rous boy,

And begg'd, when all were fast asleep,
 He'd softly to her chamber creep,
 Where he might pass the happy night,
 Within her arms in soft delight;
 For tho' she had oppos'd his will,
 She now would let him take his fill.

The kindly summons he obey'd,
 And in her room till morning stay'd,
 Where he so oft embrac'd the fair,
 That her fond heart was void of care;
 Nor fear'd she that her sister's charms,
 Could draw her lover from her arms.
 Alas! said she, what fool was I,
 That did this charming youth deny?
 No man alive can give the joy
 I've met with from this beardless boy.
 Tho' I have known my spouse in trim,
 He's but a jest compar'd to him;
 Happy, thrice happy shall I be,
 If he continues true to me:
 And sure I need not doubt the youth,
 He is all love, he is all truth,
 He is all goodness; and I see
 That he will fight the world for me:
 I know he's ravish'd with my charms,
 And I'll so fold him in my arms,
 That, while with me he nightly lyes,
 I'll make him useless ere he rise;
 Thus I'll secure the lovely elf,
 And keep him wholly to myself.

But mistress Jones mistook in this,
 And made the boy so often kifs,
 That he was surfeited with blifs.

}

'Tis certain there is not in nature
 Such an unconstant, fickle creature
 As man, who cannot be at rest
 When love once gets within his breast;
 But when he has the fair enjoy'd,
 The faithless monster soon is cloy'd.

Our spark had now seen Nanny Brown,
 And tho' clad in her country gown,
 And that his skin stuck to his bones,
 Thro' his fatigues with mistress Jones,
 Yet seeing such a beauteous figure
 Restor'd him to his wonted vigour.

But yet he durst not own his flame,
 Lest it should vex the elder dame,
 With whom he still past ev'ry night,
 To her great comfort and delight,
 Till her whole heart was wholly free
 From any kind of jealousy;
 For he to Nanny never spoke,
 But only by the way of joke,
 As long as mistress Jones was by,
 And she, poor fool, still answer'd fy.

But when her sister's back was turn'd,
 He told the ideot how he burn'd,
 How for her love he suffer'd pain,
 But all his speeches were in vain;

She did not understand his language,
 Nor knew she what he meant by anguish ;
 Besides, she thought it would be sin,
 Did she her sister's lover win,
 Since 'twas to save her maiden-head
 She took the lodger to her bed.
 For I must give the maid her due,
 Young Nanny was a virgin true,
 And neither love nor loving knew;
 But, mindful of the sage advice
 Her sister gave, was always nice,
 And always seem'd to be afraid
 To hear a word the lodger said.
 Who finding all he said was vain,
 That wit and love could nothing gain,
 He soon bethought him of a way,
 That would the thoughtless fool betray.
 No more he talk'd of flames and darts,
 Of piercing eyes and wounded hearts,
 But did a greater distance keep,
 Till he had lull'd her fears asleep.

The rake at last found out a time
 Was fit to execute his crime ;
 For master Jones from York return'd,
 Whose coming faithful madam mourn'd,
 For in her bed he nightly lay,
 And scarcely left her in the day.

The lodger now resolv'd to try
 This happy opportunity ;

And sitting one day by the maid,
 He gravely thus to Nanny said:
 My charming creature, I declare
 I never saw a maid so fair
 As what you was ; but I have skill,
 And see that you are growing ill ;
 Your eyes, that you might justly boast,
 Have now much of their lustre lost ;
 The rose and lillies on your cheek
 Are faded much within this week.

Alas ! said Nanny, what's the matter ?
 In all my life I ne'er was better.
 You may, said he, think what you please,
 But that's a sign of your disease ;
 You'll soon find out your sad mistake,
 When ev'ry limb begins to ache,
 Wou'd heav'n these eggs had all been addle,
 With which your sister mix'd your caudle,
 For now the sad effects are seen.
 What do you by a candle mean ?
 Poor Nanny cries, in dreadful fright ;
 I still took caudle ev'ry night,
 And never thought it did me harm,
 For it was always sweet and warm.

'Tis true, said he, but yet the dregs
 Have fill'd your belly full of eggs ;
 And, dearest Nanny, I'm in fear
 A brood of chickens soon appear :
 I know, my dear, 'twill be your case.
 On this the tears run down her face.

Dear Sir, she cry'd, oppress'd with grief,
 Am I then lost past all relief?
 O how the shame my sorrow quickens!
 Must I a mother be to chickens?
 I see you are a skilful man,
 For heav'n's sake help me if you can,
 Is there no cure? yes, yes, said he,
 If you will come this night to me,
 I'll do my best, I do assure you,
 To save your honour, and to cure you:
 Mean time, if you desire to know,
 If I have told the truth or no,
 Put in your finger 'twixt your legs,
 And try if you can reach the eggs.

His wicked orders she obey'd,
 And to the place her hand convey'd;
 Then said, altho' my finger's small,
 Yet I can make no way at all,
 The passage is so very strait.
 My dear, said he, till midnight wait;
 If then you'll to my chamber creep,
 I'll break three eggs before I sleep;
 The rest I'll in the morning break,
 But see, my dear, you do not speak
 A single word of what I've said.
 Trust me for that, reply'd the maid.

Night came, the people were asleep,
 When Nanny from her bed did creep,
 And to her longing lover went,
 Who waking lay in great content,

Delighted with this new amour;
 But when he heard her at the door,
 He let her in, and said, my dear,
 You now may lay aside your fear,
 'This night you shall be well again;
 But should I put you to some pain,
 I hope, my dear, you won't complain;
 The operation is but easy,
 And I am hopeful it will please ye:
 But you must first yourself undress,
 Since very much of the success
 Depends upon your nakedness.
 Your cloaths would still be in my way,
 And would the happy cure delay;
 And, that I may do all things right,
 While you unpin I'll strike a light.
 Poor Innocence in all obey'd,
 While he her naked charms survey'd;
 But, overpower'd with strong delight,
 He could not long support the sight,
 But laid her down, divorc'd her legs,
 And rush'd at once among the eggs.
 While Nan, who knew not what he did,
 Her head below his bosom hid,
 Of such a thing she ne'er had dream'd,
 And whimp'ring ask'd him what he mean'd?
 But he, a young and active blade,
 Amongst the eggs such havock made
 That Nanny, ravish'd with the joy,
 Hugg'd to her breast the panting boy;

Then looking up she faintly spoke,
 I find one mighty egg is broke,
 But there are many more behind ;
 I hope, dear Sir, you'll be so kind
 As break them all; for, though the pain
 Was very great, I'll bear't again,
 Tho' you should use a larger peg
 Than that with which you broke this egg.

He kiss'd the little innocent,
 And smiling begg'd she'd be content,
 With what he had, for he was sure,
 Without more help, to work a cure.

To show the truth of what he spoke,
 Another egg he quickly broke,
 Which rais'd her joy to such a height,
 That, quite transported with delight,
 Her bosom heav'd ; her eye-balls roll,
 And raptures seiz'd her very soul.

But short and fleeting is our pleasure ;
 The breathless youth was now at leisure
 To view the nymph he had betray'd,
 And gaze upon the ruin'd maid.

And sure there never was a creature,
 So nicely form'd in shape and feature :
 Her eyes were black and sparkling too,
 Her cheeks the rose and lily's hue,
 Her nose was straight, and just it's height,
 Her lips than coral far more bright ;
 Her breasts two little hills of snow,
 In which two rubies warmly glow ;

Tho' one might span her slender waist,
 Her thighs could scarcely be embrac'd,
 Her taper legs by far excell'd
 All that was ever yet beheld,
 Nor could the statues of Old Greece
 Shew such a fair and finish'd piece.

This charming sight inspir'd the boy,
 With love and longing after joy,
 While little Nanny play'd her part,
 And gave him thanks with all her heart;
 And, fondly kissing, said, my dear,
 Should any signs of eggs appear,
 Will you, to free me from my grief,
 Afford poor Nanny such relief?

He swore he would. She swiftly rose,
 And in a hurry pin'd her clothes :
 But, stealing gently to her bed,
 Her sister knew poor Nanny's tread :
 This brought strange fancies in her head,
 For guilty minds are never free
 From fears, and doubts, and jealousy.

So, flyly slipping on her gown,
 Up stairs she came to Nanny Brown ;
 And coming suddenly upon her,
 Where have you been my dame of honour?
 Said mistress Jones: come, tell me, sister.
 Poor witless Nanny ran and kiss'd her.
 My dear, said she, since all is over,
 I think I may the truth discover,

The caudles I have lately taken
 (Wou'd th' eggs had all been eat with bacon)
 Had sad effects; for, let me tell ye,
 They fill'd with eggs my virgin belly :
 Your lodger, blessings on his face,
 Was he who first found out my case,
 And told me what a sad disgrace
 It would be were it understood,
 That I of chickens had a brood.

This fill'd my tender heart with grief,
 But he, kind youth, brought quick relief;
 And said, if I'd come to his room,
 He would restore me to my bloom.

I went, he strip'd me to the skin,
 He laid me down, thrust something in,
 Just here, good sister, 'twixt my legs,
 And in an instant crush'd the eggs.

T A L E XIII.

The SQUIRE.

NOT long ago, in Lincolnshire,
 There dwelt a rich, but arrant squire,
 Who only lov'd a country life,
 And with all foxes was at strife;

Nor could a fingle hare have peace
 The squire so much admir'd the chace :
 And it was still his worship's way,
 To wind his horn at break of day :
 The huntsman answer'd note for note,
 And every beagle strain'd his throat,
 From Rowzer down to little Lady,
 Impatient till the squire was ready ;
 Who dress'd as fast as he was able,
 Then call'd the butler to the stable.

And said, Pray Harry, have a care
 That we this day have noble fare ;
 The hunting club must dine with me,
 Some twenty-two, or twenty-three :
 Let's have enough, be sure of that,
 I know the brindle ox was fat ;
 Roast you a sirloin, boil a rump,
 My geese and turkeys all are plump ;
 And, if I am not much mistaken,
 You still may get us beans and bacon :
 The mutton now is very good,
 Pray roast a shoulder in the blood :
 My sucking pigs are in their prime,
 Stuff them with spearmint, chives and thyme ;
 Make draw the ponds, and get a dish,
 Of carp and tench, and other fish.

But, pox confound me for a sot,
 The venison I had forgot,
 Which seems to me exceeding odd ;
 Give us a pasty deep and broad ;

And see the crust be season'd high,
 'Twill make my honest neighbours dry ;
 And still the more my neighbours drink,
 The more they'll of thy master think.
 My pork is good and strong my beer,
 Pray, Harry, let no want appear
 You know they come but thrice a year.

}

But now I fear lest I be late ;
 Come, Roger, bring me Creeping Kate,
 Let Richard ride on Wanton Willie,
 And Tom upon the Yorkshire filly ;
 Let huntsman Dick, and little Sloan,
 Ride on old Crop, and trusty Roan :
 And mounted thus, I might defy
 The king (God bless him) was he by :
 For 'tis well known I never wait
 The opening of a five-bar gate ;
 But jump the gate, the hedge or ditch,
 Nor give a sixpence which is which.
 Pray, Harry, see that all be ready,
 Hoist Ruler, Rover, bonny Lady !

Away he rode, the day was fair ;
 They only meant to chace a hare.
 But riding near some bushy rocks,
 The squire rous'd up a swinging fox :
 He hoop'd the dogs, they got a view,
 The hunters eagerly pursue :
 Tho' over hill and dale they ran,
 The squire was still the foremost man.

He stop'd at nothing in his way,
 But followed close the stinking prey.
 He saw his neighbours far behind,
 This fill'd with joy his booby mind ;
 Their laziness he did despise,
 While triumph sparkled in his eyes.
 Then to his mare his speech address'd,
 Ah ! Kate, of hunters far the best,
 What honour have we got this day ?
 There, Jowler, Tickler, there the way :
 See, Kate, our dogs are foremost too,
 A joyful fight, a view, a view !

Kate seem'd to know her master's mind,
 And left the very dogs behind :
 And, riding up, they turn'd the fox,
 When he had almost reach'd the rocks.
 Never was heard a sweeter sound,
 'The squire cheer'd up each breathless hound,
 And Eccho answer'd all around.

Poor Reynard saw the dogs appear,
 And knew his fate was drawing near,
 Yet shed not one unmanly tear.
 And tho' all hopes of life were past,
 Resolv'd to fight it to the last.
 The dogs came up, and stately Toper,
 A hound the squire had got from Roper,
 Went boldly in; but Reynard rose,
 And bit the fav'rite by the nose ;
 His howling cries declare his smart,
 And pierc'd his master to the heart.

Lady came in to help her brother,
 Her fire the same, the same her mother;
 But Reynard let the dog escape,
 And, never minding Lady's shape,
 Scratch'd all her face, and tore her ear,
 That to this day the scars appear;
 Poor Lady fill'd the air with cries,
 And tears run down her master's eyes;
 He saw his dearest friends in pain,
 And curs'd, but curses were in vain.

But Rowzer, tho' his teeth were gone,
 And useless now to know a bone,
 Came angry up to her assistance,
 And shew'd the folly of resistance,
 For by the reins he seiz'd the fox,
 (That murderer of hens and cocks)
 And, throwing him upon his back,
 Made every nerve and sinew crack.

While Reynard thus expiring lay,
 The dastard hounds that stood at bay,
 Now valiantly rush on the prey;
 The danger over, all grew stout,
 And tofs and draw the fox about.

Thus have I often seen, of late,
 A haughty minister of state,
 With insolence bear all before him,
 While sycophants and knaves adore him,
 Till one aspiring to be greater,
 Impeach the statesman for a traitor.

A while he makes a brave defence,
 Insisting on his innocence ;
 But when they make a home attack,
 And once have thrown him on his back,
 The little yelping curs come in,
 And tear and strip him to the skin.

But, laying similes aside,
 The happy squire did homewards ride.
 The stinking vermin at his belt;
 How powerfully the booby smelt !

With grief he view'd poor Lady's ears,
 And Toper's bloody nose, with tears ;
 His heart was sore to see their pain,
 But hoping they'd be well again,
 And having honour got that day,
 Rode chearfully upon the way,
 Till, meeting with the hunting crew,
 He from his side dead Reynard threw ;
 His eyes their laziness upbraid,
 And to them thus insulting said.

See what I've got by being keen,
 Such sport I'm sure was never seen.
 'Then half an hour in nonsense spent,
 To tell the way that Reynard went ;
 And brought the story to a close,
 By shewing Toper's bloody nose.
 While thus the squire rehears'd the chace,
 Envy appear'd in ev'ry face ;
 They grinn'd at Kate that run so fast,
 And curs'd the squire himself at last ;

But he ne'er angry at the matter,
 Declar'd that Crop still gallop'd better,
 And leap'd o'er all came in his way,
 As he could shew them any day ;
 But now he by his stomach knew
 That it was drawing near to two.
 Come let's away to Booby-Hall,
 We'll get enough to serve us all.

They went, and had a plenteous meal:
 But it would quite debase my tale,
 Should I repeat their rustic sayings,
 Or mirth more loud than asses brayings :
 But, after four hours past at dinner,
 The company grew something thinner ;
 For all went off but eight or nine,
 Who meant to sup as well as dine.
 The squire, who lov'd to toss the cann,
 Now thought himself a happy man :
 He kiss'd his friends, and rung for Hall,
 And bid him go to cook-maid Mall,
 And, as she hopes to be a bride,
 Tell her this moment to provide
 A supper that is good and right,
 To please the taste as well as sight :
 Meantime he drove the glass about ;
 Some swallow'd Port and others Stout,
 And gravely all their stories told,
 And feats of hunting new and old.

When a young knight, an artful man,
 To talk of womankind began ;

But first a bawdy catch he sung,
 My friends, said he, you all are young,
 And in the chase your time employ,
 But, if you once would taste the joy,
 The rapture, and the vast delight,
 That women can afford at night,
 You soon would slight this toilsome life,
 And each of you would take a wife ;
 If you would only take the leisure,
 To think upon the nightly pleasure,
 That it would be, when after sport,
 You weary to your homes resort,
 To find a young and handsome lady,
 That's ever willing, ever ready,
 To fold you in her snowy arms,
 And let you taste much sweeter charms
 Than e'er you dream'd of in your life :
 O the dear comfort of a wife !

The squire who had at London been,
 And had the toasts and beauties seen,
 Burst out a laughing at the tale,
 And said, may thunder-sour my ale,
 If I would give a truss of straw
 For any woman e'er I saw.
 At London, for I have been there,
 I saw a woman they call'd fair,
 But when compar'd with little Tipsey,
 The London lady is a gypsy ;
 And may I never want the itch,
 If I'd not sooner kiss that bitch,

Than any woman e'er I knew ;
Believe me, friends, I tell you true.

The knight reply'd, 'tis very well ;
Strange stories of yourself you tell ;
But pray, good squire, have ever you
With womankind had ought to do ?

Not I, good faith, reply'd the squire,
Nor ever had the least desire,
Nor did I e'er my mind perplex
To know the diff'rence of the sex.
My cook-maid brews me ale and beer,
Can roast and boil, and make good cheer ;
My maids can wash and darn my linen,
While others are employ'd in spinning ;
I have a dairy-maid beside,
Who Sunday next will be a bride ;
Farther than that, upon my life,
I nothing know of maid or wife ;
But I have talk'd with those who had,
Who swore they all were bitter bad.

They told you so, the knight reply'd,
Believe me, squire, the villains ly'd,
As you will own, if you but try,
A maid I'll shew you by and by,
With whom I meant to pass the night ;
The girl is handsom, young and tight :
Ah! friend, if you but knew the pleasure,
You'd dote upon it out of measure ;
No more you'd on fox-hunting think,
Nay, for a woman, leave your drink.

At this the booby shook his head,
 And, smiling, said, 'Od strike me dead
 If I believe that I shall find
 Such mighty joys in womankind,
 As what ye speak of! let me die,
 Did I with twenty women lye,
 If I should like, or Jean or Joan,
 By half so well as Crop or Roan.
 Yet faith, my friend, I can't deny
 But that I have a mind to try.
 And, if what you have said is true,
 I'll own myself oblig'd to you :
 But you must put me on a way,
 To get a girl that's frank and gay,
 Who will no scruple make to shew
 A learner what he ought to do.

The knight on this grew wond'rous merry,
 And, smiling, said, you've seen young Cherry,
 The daughter of the parish-clerk,
 This night will meet me in the dark.
 There's not a lass in Lincolnshire
 Has half her beauty, half her fire,
 Black ey'd and wanton, young and fair,
 (I'm sure she'll fit you to a hair)
 I'll try to fetch her to your bed,
 She well deserves your maiden-head :
 Such is the love I bear to you,
 That this, or any thing I'll do,
 That can afford you any pleasure,
 For, faith, I love you out of measure.

When Cherry comes, I'll to her go,
 And let the little charmer know,
 That I desire, that she, this night,
 May entertain you with delight;
 She shall consent, and you will find
 What joys are found in womankind.

The squire was overjoy'd at this,
 And gave the knight a hearty kiss.
 The pimp went out to meet the punk;
 The supper came, the squires got drunk,
 With Bar-a-Bar, and old October;
 Our squire alone continu'd sober,
 For on this new adventure thinking
 Had ta'en away the thoughts of drinking.

Meantime his friend, the pimping spark,
 Had met the daughter of the clerk,
 To whom he all the story told.
 Cherry at first began to scold;
 But when he argu'd on the matter,
 She came to like the project better.
 Cherry, said he, there's none can tell,
 But what we've done may make you swell;
 If so, my dear, had you not rather
 Chuse for your child a richer father?
 For though I am a knight, yet he
 Has greater wealth by far than me,
 And may maintain both it and you.
 Good faith, said Cherry, that is true,
 And I shall do what you desire;
 But, ere you bring me to the squire,

I beg, sweet Sir, (and here she stop'd,
And a low country court'sy drop'd)
You'd mind the cause that brought me here.
No doubt of that, said he, my dear.

Then, kissing the kind-hearted lass,
Did lay her gently on the grass,
And there so well young Cherry pleas'd,
That she confess'd her heart was eas'd;
And, springing up when all was over,
Begg'd he would lead her to her lover.

He told her, as they walk'd along,
That, tho' the squire was young and strong,
Had store of health, was never ill,
Yet that he was a virgin still,
And begg'd that she would play her part.
She, laughing, said, with all my heart;
A virgin squire! I'm glad of that,
I soon will teach him what is what.
That's all I ask, reply'd the knight;
But I'll go see if all be right.

Away he went, in haste came back,
The squire, said he, is on the rack,
Has made the bed, in his best room,
And has this half hour burnt perfume;
Drest in his night-gown, and in linen
He swears is of his granum's spinning.
The guests and servants are asleep,
And in the house such snoring keep,
A drum can't wake them: let's away,
You must not make his worship stay.

Then leading Cherry to the squire,
 Her beauty set his soul on fire.
 Dear knight, he cry'd, what charms are there?
 Confound me but she's very fair!
 Dare I adventure on a kiss?
 Art sure she will not take't amiss?

Amiss! said Cherry; not at all;
 What brought me here to Booby-Hall?
 I mean to lie with you all night,
 And to instruct you in delight.

By th' mass, said he, 'tis kindly said,
 And, blushing, kiss'd the wanton maid.
 Cherry repays the kiss, and slips
 Her tongue betwixt his worship's lips.
 This to the squire was wholly new,
 Dear knight, he cry'd, you've told me true:
 I never felt the like of this,
 Can there be yet a greater bliss?

Yes, to be sure, reply'd the knight,
 And you shall know it all to-night.
 Come, Cherry, my dear wanton elf,
 Come quickly and undress yourself.
 The girl was in a merry mood,
 And in a moment naked stood.
 The squire, all trembling and amaz'd,
 Upon the wanton harlot gaz'd:
 But soon the knight the sheets laid down,
 And made the squire throw off his gown;
 And said, to bed. They both obey,
 But yet the squire at distance lay,

Till Cherry, turning to the knight,
 Tip'd him the wink, and said good-night;
 'Tis now high time that you retire,
 And leave me with the honest squire.

The knight withdrew, the candles burn'd,
 When Cherry to the booby turn'd;
 And, not designing to be nice,
 Down with the bed clothes in a trice:
 She shew'd her shapes. The gazing squire
 Was overcome with strong desire;
 A fever seiz'd on ev'ry part,
 The blood went mantling to his heart,
 His bosom heav'd, his eyes grew dim,
 And quiv'ring nerves shook ev'ry limb;
 While Cherry, who his transports saw,
 Did nearer to his worship draw;
 Nature she saw had done her part,
 The booby only wanted art:
 And, fearing, he'd let go his fire,
 She twin'd her arms about the squire,
 And turning him about her breast,
 She made him; you may guess the rest.

Quite ravish'd with th' extatic blessing,
 Unutterable, past expressing,
 The happy squire transported lay,
 And breath'd in sighs his soul away;
 But coming to himself at last,
 And thinking on the pleasure past,
 He laid all bashfulness aside,
 And warmly hugg'd his loving guide;

No longer trembling, nor afraid,
 He view'd with joy the panting maid;
 He saw her lovely bosom bare,
 Her strawberry nipples made him stare;
 But as he thus her beauties ey'd,
 Cherry all farther sight deny'd,
 And giving him a dove-like kiss,
 Provok'd him to renew his bliss.
 Such dove-like kisses never fail
 To raise the spirits of the male;
 For lips to lips, and tongue to tongue,
 Will make a man of sixty young;
 No wonder then your youthful squire
 With such a kiss was set on fire,
 That, without any more delay,
 He vig'rously renew'd the play.

This rapture far excell'd the first,
 And only did encrease his thirst.
 Cherry was pleas'd with what he did,
 Nor from him any secret hid:
 The squire now lower turn'd his eyes,
 And view'd her belly with surprise;
 It was so round, so smooth, so white,
 That, overcome with new delight,
 He needed now no dove-like kiss,
 To prompt him on to farther bliss.

This joy excell'd the other two,
 And ev'ry kiss still sweeter grew,
 That now he meant to please his sight,
 And view the seat of soft delight.

Cherry, who was content that he
 Should every thing about her see,
 Without a blush upon her face,
 Pull'd up her smock, and shew'd the place;
 But, when he saw it look so grim,
 A trembling seiz'd on ev'ry limb:
 Alas! he cry'd, what's that I see?
 I am bewitch'd, it cannot be:
 Have you, said he, no other toy?
 For that could never give me joy.

No, faith, reply'd the laughing dame,
 I have no play-thing but the same;
 But if, my dear, you think I lie,
 'Tis only getting up to try.
 Yes, marry will I, said the squire,
 I find I am again a-fire;
 Then laying her fair legs aside;
 No more would trust it with a guide;
 For it seem'd very strange to him,
 A thing so hairy and so grim,
 And what might stoutest hearts affright,
 Should yield such pleasure and delight.

Kind Cherry let him take his way,
 And would not interrupt his play,
 But, soon as he had hit the place,
 Inclos'd him in a strict embrace;
 Her pliant limbs were round him twin'd;
 And, while in am'rous folds confin'd,
 His eyes and lips with fervour kiss'd,
 And almost made him more than bless'd,

While in his mouth her nimble tongue
 To love the last alarum rung ;
 The joyous summons both obey,
 And in soft raptures melt away.
 Of speech and breath at once depriv'd
 They lay when their kind pimp arriv'd,
 Who, by their looks, perceiv'd that they
 His coming curs'd, and that of day.
 Good squire, said he, I hope you're merry,
 What think you of your little Cherry?
 Have I told lies, or spoke the truth?
 By Jove, reply'd the panting youth,
 No tongue can speak, no pen can write
 The pleasure, and the vast delight,
 I have enjoy'd this happy night;
 I ne'er can weary of this sport,
 And think the night has been too short;
 Indeed, my friend, you're come to soon;
 Would it had not been day till noon;
 'Tis true I have not shut my eyes,
 But sleep's a trifle I despise,
 Nor can I let dear Cherry rise.
 Ah friend! can we not find a way
 To keep the charmer all the day?
 I scorn my hounds, despise the chase,
 While thus the fair one I embrace.
 The fields no more can give delight.
 'Tis very well, reply'd the knight.
 I told you, if you'd try the bliss,
 You would no more the beagles kiss;

And now you see I've told you true.
 But what shall we with Cherry do,
 If she consents to stay with you?
 Your friends and servants all will stare,
 For that, said he, I do not care,
 Since I can order matters so,
 They never shall the secret know.
 Yet, why should I my pleasure steal?
 Or be at trouble to conceal
 The rapture and the vast delight
 That Cherry gives me in the night?
 My servants chearfully obey,
 And shall to Cherry homage pay.
 Tell me, dear child, do you agree
 To stay for good and all with me?
 She hugg'd him close, and stop'd his breath,
 Then said, my dear, I'll stay till death;
 And to the knight, said, with a smile,
 I beg your absence for a while.

The pimping knight on that withdrew,
 And staid away an hour or two;
 When he was gone, she kiss'd the squire,
 And fondly said, if you desire
 To keep me here, I'll gladly stay,
 And serve you both by night and day,
 In ev'ry thing, and ev'ry way:
 I'll stitch, and sing, while it is light,
 And to your bed dance ev'ry night;
 New joys I shall each hour afford,
 And wanton be at bed and board.

Last night, when to your bed I came,
 You was a novice at the game,
 I've taught you now a little skill,
 But I have more to teach you still,
 Lye thus, dear Sir, I'll get above,
 And teach you a new feat of love ;
 When I have got you once below me,
 Kick as you will, you shall not throw me ;
 For tho' I ne'er a hunting rid,
 I'll sit as fast as if I did,
 Nor do I any stirrup need
 To help me up upon my steed.

This said, her legs she open'd wide,
 And on her lover got astride,
 And, being in her saddle plac'd,
 Most lovingly the squire embrac'd,
 Who view'd the wanton fair with wonder.
 And smil'd, to see her keep him under.
 While she, to shew she would not tire,
 Spur'd like a fury on the squire,
 And tho' she ne'er had rid in France,
 She made him caper, curvet, dance,
 Till both of them fell in a trance.
 'Twas long e'er either did recover.
 At last she kiss'd her panting lover,
 And, sweetly smiling in his face,
 Asked him how he lik'd that chace.
 He scarce could speak, his breath was short,
 But, sobbing, answer'd, noble sport ;

I'd give the best horse in my stable,
 That either you or I were able
 To ride another, for I own
 There never was such pastime known.

This answer pleas'd the frolic maid,
 She suck'd his breast, and, laughing, said,
 If you, good Sir, resolve to try
 Another gallop, here am I,
 Ready to answer your desire.
 Nor will you find me apt to tire
 In such a chace: I'll lay a crown,
 Start you the game, I'll run it down.

The squire, o'erjoy'd at what she said,
 Hugg'd to his breast the lovely maid;
 For he was young, and full of vigour,
 And Cherry was a lovely figure,
 Was ever cheerful, brisk and gay,
 And had a most enticing way.
 She kiss'd his eyes, she bit his breast,
 Nor did her nimble fingers rest,
 Till he had all his toil forgot,
And found his blood was boiling hot;
 While Cherry (who was in her prime,
 Still knew, and always nick'd her time)
 Bestrid the amorous squire once more,
 And gallop'd faster than before:
 Fearing the knight might interrupt her,
 She toss'd and twirl'd upon her crupper;
 Nor did she let her tongue lie idle,
 But thrust it in by way of bridle.

And giving him a close embrace,
Did finish the delightful chace.

The knight came in and found them lying,
Quite breathless, speechless, fainting, dying.
Depriv'd of sense, depriv'd of sight,
Absorb'd in excess of delight.

Dear squire, he said, get up for shame,
Are you not wearied with that game?
Your guests are dress'd, and in the hall
And for strong beer and nutmeg call;
They ask for you, get up, I pray,
Else all of them will go away.

The squire look'd up, and, with a groan,
Said, would to heav'n they all were gone!
Sure you may see it by my eyes,
That I have little heart to rise!

Then kissing Cherry, said, dear knight,
This girl has giv'n me more delight
Than in my life I ever knew,
Believe me, faith, I tell you true,
And, while I live, I still shall own,
That all the joys that I have known
I owe to you, and you alone.

'Twas you brought Cherry to my arms,
And made me know ten thousand charms.
What tho' my way and speech be rude?
My soul is full of gratitude:
Heav'n grant that I may find a way
Your matchless favours to repay.

Hold, cry'd the knight, too much you've said,
 I'm glad you like the pretty maid;
 I own, dear squire, it gave me pain
 To see you waste your time in vain,
 Pursuing foxes, hares, and deer,
 And swallowing whole floods of beer,
 While you would never take the leisure
 To think on love, the greatest pleasure;
 I wanted you to taste the bliss.
 But since you know what loving is,
 I hope you'll now on women think,
 And value beauty more than drink:
 And now, I think, since you approve
 The maid who taught you first to love,
 You'd better keep her to yourself;
 I'll answer for the smiling elf,
 She's young and handsome, frank and kind,
 And to no wickedness inclin'd;
 Tho' I, quite ravish'd with her charms,
 Decoy'd her to my longing arms,
 Yet I dare pawn my soul, that she
 Ne'er knew another man but me,
 Until last night I brought her here;
 Speak boldly, Cherry; do, my dear.

The fair one blush'd, and, smiling, said,
 I own the knight my youth betray'd;
 I'm very young, have little seen,
 Till May-day I am not sixteen;
 The knight is handsom, young and gay,
 And made my thoughtless heart his prey;

When that was gone, you may believe,
 I gave him all I had to give ;
 But may I ever be accurs'd,
 If, from the day I saw him first,
 If any other man but he
 Had any thing to say to me ;
 And little did I think last night,
 To meet with any but the knight.
 I lov'd him ; nay I love him still,
 And, he can tell, I took it ill
 When he desir'd I'd come to you ;
 Believe me, Sir, I tell you true ;
 I wept, I scolded, and look'd sour :
 But over me he had such pow'r,
 That I no longer could resist.
 This said, the list'ning squire she kiss'd,
 And said, I never shall repent,
 That to his will I gave consent ;
 For, let him take it ill or well,
 The truth, and nothing else I'll tell,
 That you in this one happy night,
 Have let me know much more delight,
 Than e'er he gave me in a week ;
 And you may, by his blushing cheek,
 Perceive that I have told the truth ;
 And now, my dear, my charming youth,
 Do with poor Cherry what you will,
 And let me go, or keep me still ;
 Yet it will break my tender heart
 If you and Cherry ever part.

On this the loving creature cry'd ;
 No fear of that the squire reply'd ;
 Dry up you tears, from grief be free,
 I ne'er intend to part with thee ;
 I've wealth enough ; I'll keep thee high,
 I'm young enough ; then why should I,
 Now that I know what pleasure is,
 Deny myself in any bliss ?
 But now, dear Cherry, I must rise,
 And, since you have not shut your eyes,
 Go try to sleep, and when my guests,
 Those noisy, hunting, drunken beasts,
 Are gone, I'll come to bed and try
 If I can sleep when you are by.
 And now, dear knight, to whom I owe
 Those joys, those raptures that I know,
 With me, and mine, do what you will,
 We shall be at your service still.

He kiss'd the nymph, put on his gown,
 And to the hall in haste went down :
 Meantime the knight with Cherry staid,
 And ask'd if all was true she said,
 About the squire. She said, so true,
 That, if he thus his love pursue,
 I'll be too weak ; for I discover
 Such actions in this youthful lover,
 That, if he nightly thus performs,
 I'll die love's martyr in his arms ;
 For I with toil am quite oppress'd,
 And beg you'll leave me to my rest.

Dear Sir, farewell. The pimp retir'd,
And lock'd the door, as was desir'd.

He found the squire among his guests,
Who talk'd of hunting, and of feasts.
The squire confess'd, that, for his part,
He lov'd fox-hunting in his heart ;
But I've, said he, somewhat to do,
That will take up a week or two.

A fortnight hence you may command me,
Here, Harry, bring the Orange-brandy !
Before we part let's have a dram.
The butler and the bottle came ;
They drunk it out, on horseback got,
And homewards to their dinners trot.

The pimping knight still with him staid,
And told him how he left the maid,
Fatigu'd and weary, fast asleep ;
And now, if you're resolv'd to keep
The charming creature for you're use,
'Tis fit the folks about the house
Should ev'ry one receive their cue,
And pay your mistress what's her due.

Leave that to me, reply'd the squire ;
But I've a favour to desire,
Yet I'm afraid you'll take it ill.
Not I, said he, be what it will ;
I shall not, by this friendly kiss,
Take any thing you ask amiss ;
Nay, any thing I'll undertake
For you, or your dear Cherry's sake.

Dear friend, I thank you, said the squire ;
 The favour that I would desire,
 Is, that you'd take my coach, and go
 To Lincoln straight, and there bestow,
 Two hundred pounds ; for I design
 To make the charming creature shine
 In ev'ry thing that's rich and fine.
 I'd go myself, but that, I swear,
 I do not know what women wear
 Nor know I any one can do
 A thing like that so well as you :
 And now, dear knight, do you agree
 To be at all this toil for me.

Yes, said the knight, with great content,
 The coach was got, away he went :
 Meantime the squire bid Harry call
 The other servants to the hall.
 They came, and thus his worship spoke :
 Altho' I hate the marriage-yoke,
 Yet I have got a friend above,
 Whom better than a wife I love,
 And here I tell you, I expect
 You'll treat my mistress with respect.

The butler answer'd for the rest,
 And, bowing, said, they'd do their best.
 'Tis very well, reply'd the squire,
 And you may for this time retire ;
 But, as they went, he call'd to Harry,
 And bid him brew some old Canary.

With fugar, eggs and cinnamon,
 And bring it to my room anon,
 The damask room, for there I lye;
 Perhaps my mistress may be dry.

The servants, who their master lov'd,
 And ev'ry thing he did approv'd,
 To shew their zeal for their new lady,
 Made haste to get the caudle ready.
 The squire had got to bed by this,
 And wak'd his dear one with a kifs.
 My life, said he, my guests are gone,
 And you and I are left alone;
 The knight is likewise gone to Lincoln,
 To do what you but little think on;
 I've call'd the servants to the hall,
 And there have told them, one and all,
 That, from this hour, I did expect
 That they would treat you with respect;
 For, tho' I did not mean to wed,
 Yet I had got a friend in bed,
 That I would keep while I had life,
 And love far better than a wife.
 They were all glad, and swore that they
 Would chearfully your will obey;
 And trusty Hall, and my nurse Mary,
 Are bringing up some warm Canary,
 Mix'd up with fugar, eggs and spices,
 For nurse is good at these devices.

As thus he spoke they both came up,
 The nurse brought in the caudle-cup,

While Harry, who was half a quack,
To fortify his master's back,
Brought sily up, upon two plates,
Eringo roots and strengthening dates.

The nurse fell down upon her knees,
And did the fair one's finger seize,
A thousand times her hands she kifs'd,
And said, be thou for ever blefs'd ;
This sight is what I long'd to see ;
Ten thousand blessings light on thee ;
These many years I've been afraid,
He never would have kifs'd a maid ;
But now my heart o'erflows with joy,
'To see the spirit in the boy.

Dear creature, grant me one request,
Hugg my dear fondling in your breast.

Cherry obey'd the nurse in this,
And gave the squire a glowing kifs.
'This he with zeal did soon repay,
And almost suck'd her breath away.

Nurse wept for joy, and call'd to Harry,
I see it is no time to tarry,
I'll leave the cup, leave you the plate,
When they are hungry, let them eat,
But now, for all this world's treasure
I would not interrupt their pleasure.

Down-stairs the nurse and Harry run,
While Cherry and the squire begun



Their loves, till both, with joy oppress'd,
Sunk down at once to pleasing rest.

Meantime their pimp, with great content,
In coach and fix to Lincoln went,
Where he did ev'ry thing provide,
That might become the gayest bride ;
Her gowns of silver were and silk,
Her Flanders lace was white as milk,
Of finest Holland were her smocks,
Her stockings blue with silver clocks,
Gloves, shoes and ribbons, all things fit,
Nor did he the large hoop omit :
All these he saw pack'd up with care,
And did not any labour spare
To serve his friend : but ah ! who can
Find out the treachery of man ?

For, though the knight appear'd so kind,
He was a traitor in his mind ;
He never knew what friendship was,
But meant to make the squire an ass :
He saw him careless, young and rich,
And thought, if once he could bewitch
His soul with joys till then unknown,
He might secure him as his own.
'Twas for this end that he betray'd
Fair Cherry, fond believing maid,
Hoping her beauty would inspire
The thoughtless youth with warm desire,
And, when he had his passion eas'd,
He'd make him change her when he pleas'd.

He had a sister of his own,
 The fairest creature e'er was known,
 At London bred, a flaming toast,
 But lately had her honour lost ;
 For she, from shame, or virtue free,
 Gave up herself to that degree,
 That, notwithstanding all her charms,
 The youngest men forsook her arms.
 Thus was it when an honest tar,
 A captain of a man of war,
 Come from a voyage, saw the maid,
 And, by her matchless charms betray'd,
 Did wed the dame; but he, next day,
 His orders got, and sail'd away,
 And such his haste to get the tide,
 He wanted time to see his bride,
 Who now had scarce left any thing
 Except her cloaths and wedding-ring ;
 And now not knowing what to do,
 No lover left her, old or new,
 She in the coach secur'd a place,
 And to her brother wrote her case.
 He in the country pass'd his days,
 And ne'er had heard of Fanny's ways;
 So, when the doleful letter came,
 He mourn'd the poor unlucky dame ;
 He went to Grantham, met her there ;
 She cry'd, she sobb'd: he said, forbear ;
 Forbear, dear Fanny, cease to grieve,
 We cannot what is past retrieve ;

Take comfort, child, and live with me,
 The wicked wretch that ruin'd thee,
 Ere this lyes buried in the sea.
 The country ladies will be glad,
 That any one in London bred,
 Comes down to shew them something new,
 And they will all be fond of you.

This said, she with her brother went,
 But by the way shew'd discontent;
 And did, by thoughtless hints, discover
 The tar was not her only lover.

Fanny, said he, I pray be plain,
 Since all evasions are in vain:
 Tell me if you have been too free?
 I fear the worst; confess to me;
 Your by-past faults I will conceal,
 And serve you with a brother's zeal:
 I never lik'd your London breeding;
 Tell me the life you have been leading.

Brother, said she, I must confess,
 I've past my time in wickedness;
 In ev'ry thing I've been to blame;
 But why should I repeat my shame?
 Think what you will, but God forbid
 That I should tell you what I did:
 And yet I meant to change my life,
 And so became the captain's wife:
 But he, base monster, soon at morn
 Left me distracted and forlorn.

On this whole floods run from her eyes,
 She kneel'd, her brother bid her rise,
 And said, poor Fanny, I am sorry
 To hear your melancholy story :
 You cannot what is past repair,
 But for the future have a care ;
 Lay all your wanton airs aside,
 Let virtue seem your only guide,
 Your loose desires with care controul,
 Nor let your eyes betray your soul :
 Seem innocent, exceeding nice,
 Appear a foe to ev'ry vice ;
 If thus you cautiously behave,
 We may perhaps your credit save.

Poor Fanny kiss'd his hand and said,
 He should in all things be obey'd ;
 Each thing that's ill with care I'll shun,
 But can you pardon what I've done :

Yes by this kiss, the knight reply'd ;
 But, Fanny, let your eyes be dry'd ;
 If any understand your grief,
 You then are ruin'd past relief :
 Let no fond look your guilt betray,
 You may be innocent and gay :
 If thus you will be rul'd by me,
 I hope I shall poor Fanny see
 In marriage join'd to a young squire,
 The richest in all Lincolnshire.

'Twas thus they talk'd, and, long ere night,
 They reach'd the dwelling of the knight :

Miss Fanny put on decent airs,
 And manag'd all the knight's affairs,
 Liv'd very modest, yet look'd gay,
 And quite had chang'd her London way :
 Her neighbours prais'd the virtuous dame,
 And fill'd the country with her fame.
 The knight, who was from honour free,
 Long thought upon a way, that he
 Might fodder up poor Fanny's fame,
 And get a husband for the dame;
 Who, smitten by her pow'rful charms.
 Might blindly take her to his arms :
 Riches was what he did desire,
 This made him pitch upon the squire;
 Besides, he saw he little knew,
 And only did his sport pursue.

Resolv'd that he should be the man,
 The knight most artfully began
 To flatter the unthinking squire,
 And, doing what he did desire,
 With him he would the fox pursue,
 Yet keep his sister in his view ;
 And, midst of all their noisy drinking,
 Was still upon lost Fanny thinking :
 Yet one thing did his heart perplex,
 He saw the squire despis'd the sex,
 Yet thought, if he could find a way
 To make him try the amorous play,
 He then might bring the easy squire,
 To do whate'er he did desire.

This made him, like a hellish imp,
 Debauch young Cherry, then turn pimp,
 And it was for his sister's sake,
 He did this shameful journey make ;
 And run about from door to door,
 'To buy new rigging for a whore ;
 But, when a man's from morals free,
 He soon forgets his pedigree,
 And may do things yet more sinister
 Than pimping for a friend or sister.

But, to return where I digress'd
 The crafty knight such zeal express'd,
 That he of each thing got the best,
 That by a duchess may be wore ;
 All this into an inn he bore,
 'Then bought a trunk and pack'd up all,
 And drove away to Booby-hall.

'Twas six at night ere he got there,
 And found the nurse at mighty care,
 'That not so much as cat or mouse
 Should make disturbance in the house.

Dear Sir, said she, but whisper'd low,
 While her old eyes with pleasure glow,
 Our squire has got a maid a-bed,
 Whose face is purest white and red ;
 Had you but seen their close embraces,
 Their mixing legs, their joining faces,
 It would have made you jump for joy,
 O the sweet girl and eager boy!

They have not stirr'd; I won't say that,
 Since I can guess what they've been at;
 But yet they have not call'd, this day,
 Since your good worship went away:
 All day I've kept the house in quiet,
 While Harry is preparing diet,
 Such as was ne'er in Booby-Hall,
 And will be ready at a call.

The knight reply'd, 'tis very well:
 But nurse, I must a secret tell;
 He pass'd the night in wanton play,
 And if he likewise adds the day,
 The tender youth may be the worse;
 But hark! they call. Up went the nurse,
 And, running in, dear Sir, she said,
 The knight's below, and is afraid,
 That you and she, dear lovely elves,
 Have over-toil'd and kill'd yourselves.

The squire reply'd, his fears are vain,
 Tho' we have fought, we are not slain.
 Said Cherry, bid the knight come up,
 But reach me first the caudle-cup.

The nurse with chearfulness obey'd;
 The knight, who heard each word they said,
 In his own arms brought up the trunk,
 When Cherry, smiling, to him drunk;
 Pledge, me, dear knight, 'tis to the squire,
 My heart's delight, my soul's desire.

Long may he live, and still employ
His days in mirth, his nights in joy,
And may his pleasures never cloy.

}

God's blessing on your heart, my fair,
Said nurse ; I thank you for that pray'r,
And may he dangle on a tree,
Whoever wishes harm to thee ;
There let him hang, there let him rot,
And be his memory forgot.

Well pray'd on both sides, said the knight ;
But now 'tis wearing towards night,
Had you not better rise a while,
And with good cheer the hours beguile ;
Supper was ready ere I came :
Get up, good squire ; for you, my dame,
Since you belong unto the squire,
'Tis fit you change your coarse attire.
I've brought you clean and dainty linen,
Much finer than this country's spinning ;
The nurse will shift you, I presume,
'Till then 'tis fit I leave the room ;
When that is over, I desire,
To dress you in your new attire.

This said, he took the caudle-cup,
While Cherry and the squire got up :
But who can Cherry's joy express,
When she beheld the charming dress.
In all her life she ne'er had seen
Linen by half so sweet or clean :

Her stockings gave her vast delight,
 And in her heart she bless'd the knight ;
 Her under-petticoat was stitch'd,
 And with a silver lace enrich'd ;
 But when the knight put on the rest,
 Her wonder could not be express'd ;
 She look'd on all things with surprise,
 And pleasure sparkled in her eyes.

At last from head to foot equipp'd,
 She to the mirror nimbly trip'd,
 But missing the plain country lads,
 She saw a lady in the glass ;
 So richly dress'd, so red, so white,
 She was astonish'd with delight ;
 But when she knew her image there,
 Strange raptures seiz'd the wond'ring fair,
 Her soul was fill'd with vast content,
 Yet to the hall she trembling went.

The squire with joy beheld her charms,
 And clasp'd her in his loving arms :
 Welcome, he said, my charming fair,
 However chang'd in dress and air ;
 Let other women value dress,
 Who to the shops owe their success,
 Each thing you wear a charm conceals,
 And from my eyes a beauty steals ;
 'Tis you, my dear, alone can boast,
 That naked you can charm the most.

As thus they talk'd, the supper came,
 The servants all admire the dame :

They made good cheer; and, while they sat,
 Did pass the time in merry chat;
 The squire and Cherry prais'd the knight,
 And wish'd to heav'n they could requite
 His favours to them, for they swore
 They ne'er had known such joys before.
 The knight, upon his soul declar'd
 He scorn'd the thoughts of all reward;
 And said, I had no other end
 But to oblige and serve my friend;
 And if I could do any thing,
 That to the squire will pleasure bring,
 I should be happy; for in truth,
 I long have lov'd the happy youth.

'Twas thus they talk'd, when careful nurse,
 Fearing the squire should be the worse
 With sitting up, came smiling in,
 And Cherry chuck'd beneath the chin,
 And said, my dear and pretty lady,
 Your chamber and the posset's ready;
 'Tis wearing late, the nights are raw,
 I wish you would to bed withdraw.
 Last night my little wanton elves,
 You stole to bed quite by yourselves;
 But now I mean to tuck you in,
 And ere your gambols you begin,
 I hope you will my posset try;
 You'll break my heart if you deny.

To bed they went, and there they pass'd
 That night as they had done the last;

Such happy nights they long enjoy'd,
 Nor was the squire and Cherry cloy'd,
 For he was constant, she was true,
 And fonder by enjoyment grew.
 But, while they bill'd like turtle-doves,
 The knight grew weary of their loves;
 He saw the squire so lov'd the maid,
 That he began to be afraid,
 His sister, spite of all her charms,
 Would scarcely gain him to her arms.
 This made him all his wit employ,
 In thinking how he might destroy
 The peace of those two happy lovers,
 But yet his fraud with friendship covers.

One day, while in the house he staid,
 He slyly did the squire upbraid.
 Dear friend, said he, I wonder you
 No more the fox or hare pursue;
 Your jolly neighbours rise ere day,
 And chace till noon the trembling prey,
 Then o'er their cups insulting say,
 Where is the squire, so fam'd of late?
 Or where is Roan, or Creeping Kate?
 No more he hunts, no more makes merry,
 But stays at home and toys with Cherry.

E'en let them laugh, the squire reply'd,
 I laugh'd at love before I try'd;
 But, since I know what loving is,
 In it I've centred all my blifs.

'Tis very true, reply'd the knight,
 Dear Sir, I think you in the right ;
 Yet you have time for love and sport.
 For now the nights are not so short,
 But, tho' you ride about all day,
 You'll find them long enough for play :
 Beside, dear friend, if you pursue
 The pleasure at the rate you do,
 Of love you'll lose the relish quite,
 And get a surfeit of delight ;
 But if that, twice or thrice a week,
 You'd in the field your pleasure seek,
 And meet your friends by break of day,
 Hunt hare, and fox, be brisk and gay,
 Dine where they dine, and never shrink,
 And like yourself, pull off your drink ;
 At night, in Cherry's arms embrac'd,
 You'll find each kiss much sweeter taste ;
 Believe me, friend, 'tis true I say ;
 Besides, you know, next hunting-day,
 It is my turn to entertain
 The sportsmen, and their jolly train ;
 But if, dear friend, you do not come,
 Their presence will be troublesom ;
 Tho' I might ask this boon of you,
 As what is to my friendship due,
 Yet I shall make it my request,
 That you may come and be my guest.
 The squire, tho' now he scorn'd the chace,
 Yet gave his friend a strict embrace,

And looking on him, smiling said,
 Dear friend, how could you be afraid
 That I'd refuse what you desir'd,
 Tho' you a greater thing requir'd?
 No, I am thine, to that degree,
 That thro' the world I'd go with thee;
 And seal'd his promise with a kiss.
 The knight was overjoy'd at this,
 And told him that the squires had fix'd
 To dine with him on Tuesday next;
 That now he must go home to see
 That ev'ry thing in order be.

He took his leave, and homewards went;
 But on his neighbour's ruin bent,
 Thought how he might his heart betray,
 By throwing Fanny in his way.

The wish'd-for day at last appear'd,
 And nought but hounds and horns were heard;
 The squire abruptly left his joys,
 While Cherry trembled at the noise;
 Her lovely cheeks were bath'd in tears,
 Yet knew no reason for her fears.

The hunters met; they rous'd a deer;
 The squire at first lag'd in the rear;
 But, fearing he might lose his fame,
 Or Roan or Cherry get the blame,
 Spurr'd up, and to the foremost came;
 Then rode so fast, that all did yield
 To him the honour of the field.

The squire, with his just praises proud,
 Smil'd inwardly, but spoke aloud :
 You see, my friends, tho' I of late
 Have neither rode on Roan or Kate,
 Yet we can shew, when there is need,
 That none of us have lost our speed.

Spoke like a young man in his prime,
 The knight reply'd ; but now 'tis time
 We go and eat. They all consent,
 And with the knight to dinner went,
 Who kindly welcom'd ev'ry guest,
 But hugg'd our squire close to his breast.

The dinner and miss Fanny came,
 All eyes were fix'd upon the dame,
 The country squires were all amaz'd,
 And on the fair with wonder gaz'd ;
 In all their lives they ne'er had seen
 Such beauty, nor so free a mein ;
 So sweet a face, so fine an air,
 Her smiling mouth, her coal-black hair,
 Her rising breasts, her sparkling eyes,
 Fill'd ev'ry booby with surprise,
 That, quite confounded with the sight,
 They stood astonish'd, till the knight
 Told them it was his only sister ;
 On this they all went up and kiss'd her ;
 And, while her praises they proclaim'd,
 Poor modest Fanny seem'd asham'd.

They took their places at the last,
 But still their eyes on Fanny cast,

Who carv'd, and gave about the meat,
 As long as any guest could eat ;
 Yet seem'd to be at greater care
 To serve the squire than any there,
 Who, in a bumper, drunk her health,
 And took a look or two by stealth.

But, when the cloth was ta'en away,
 Fair madam would no longer stay,
 But making curt'sies to them all,
 Most decently forsook the hall.

With sportsmen, soon as they have din'd,
 'T has been the way, time out of mind,
 To tell the feats at hunting done,
 And how their dogs and horses run ;
 But now they nam'd nor dog nor horse,
 But chang'd the subject of discourse ;
 They only talk'd how Fanny charm'd,
 How ev'ry look their bosoms warm'd,
 That he'd be more than mortal blest'd,
 Who such a charming wife possess'd.

Pugh : said the knight, let's mind our drink,
 Of such a bauble never think,
 A thousand fairer may be found ;
 Come, let the chearful glass go round.

The squire reply'd, may I be curs'd,
 If I had seen your sister first,
 (Altho' I hate the slavish life)
 But I had ask'd her for a wife,

And yet I wish, as I'm a sinner,
That I had staid at home at dinner;
But I'll go home, forget her charms
In little Cherry's wanton arms.

A friend, acquainted with the cheat,
Reply'd, A very good receipt,
If you was sure that it would do;
But when you've ta'en a kiss or two,
You'll weary of your Cherry's arms,
And think on miss's brighter charms.
Mean time she may her heart bestow
Upon another ere you know;
You then will think your time mispent,
And when it is too late, repent;
The knight's your friend, you know he is,
Perhaps he may agree to this,
And Fanny's will depends on his. }

Besides, I think, I've heard it said,
Your handsome Cherry was no maid
When first you took her to your bed;
Think, think upon a maidenhead.

The squire was young, and much in drink,
Nor was he very apt to think,
But said, he'd the proposal make,
If it were not for Cherry's sake.

The other answer'd, never fear,
Settle a hundred pounds a-year
Upon the little girl for life,
And ask this virgin for a wife;

I hope the knight will not deny you,
And your fat parson fast shall tye you.

The squire a little while withdrew.
To think on what he had to do ;
But 'twas in vain ; for crafty Fanny,
Who slyly listen'd at a cranny,
And heard and saw each thing was done,
Snatch'd up a China jar and run
Just by the door ; the squire amaz'd,
Stood still, and on the charmer gaz'd,
And, Cherry's love forgetting quite,
View'd the false virgin with delight ;
Then, falling down upon his knees,
Did trembling on her fingers seize,
And, sighing said, I have no art,
Yet, fair one, you have won my heart ;
I'm rich, and young, nay, honest too,
But in my life could never woo ;
If you agree, I'll tell the knight,
And make you mine this very night.

Good Sir, said she, I pray forbear,
I would not any one should hear
What you have said ; they'd surely think
That you was very much in drink,
Or that I did a husband need,
If I should marry with such speed ;
I love my brother, and I still
Shall be obedient to his will,
And, if you find that he's content,
You shall not fail of my consent ;

Nay, farther, I'll confess this truth,
 I think you a bewitching youth,
 But, if you mean not what you say,
 For heav'n's sake come no more this way,
 Then, stooping down, she kiss'd the squire ;
 And set his bosom all on fire.

He paid the kiss, and, glowing, said,
 Believe me, fair and gentle maid,
 That it shall be no fault of mine,
 If I this moment am not thine ;
 I'll go, and to the knight discover
 That I'm your true and faithful lover.

Again she kiss'd him, then withdrew ;
 The squire, who now had got his cue,
 Went straightway back into the hall,
 And told his mind unto them all,
 Begging the knight to hear his pray'r,
 And give him the enchanting fair.
 You still have been my friend, he said,
 Deny me not the charming maid.

The faithless knight embrac'd with joy,
 The offer, and the amorous boy,
 And smiling said, my much lov'd squire,
 I grant you all you can desire,
 So far as in my pow'r it lyes ;
 But I with Fanny must advise ;
 'Tis fit I ask if she's content.
 Then straightway to his sister went,
 Who told him all the squire had said,
 And begg'd it would not be delay'd ;

It is not fit that he should cool :
 The squire, said she, is no such fool,
 But that he may our tricks discover,
 And then farewell my wealthy lover ;
 If so, I am undone for ever,
 'The very thought on't makes me shiver ;
 Make haste, I pray. Away he went,
 And for a scriv'ner quickly sent,
 He knew the parson was at hand,
 And still would be at his command.

When this was o'er the knight came back,
 And found the squire upon the rack,
 Impatient of the long delay,
 But, coming in, did smiling say,
 Dear brother, so I'll call you now,
 My sister doth your suit allow,
 And, if you are resolv'd to wed,
 This night will take you to her bed ;
 The time is short, I can't provide
 The things are proper for a bride,
 But, if you rather would delay,
 A week or two, your wedding-day——

'The squire did interrupt him here,
 And, hugging him, reply'd, my dear,
 For heav'n's sake talk not at that rate,
 Nor make your friend unfortunate,
 Upon my knees I beg, dear knight,
 You'll let our marriage be to-night.

The company join'd with the squire ;
 The knight comply'd with their desire ;

The deeds were drawn, the parson came,
 And ty'd the squire and lovely dame ;
 The bridegroom mighty joy exprefs'd,
 The bride went off to be undress'd,
 Who knowing something was more wide,
 Than what beseem'd a virgin-bride,
 Thrust in, (to make the way less patent)
 An Apple-John in road adjacent ;
 And surely none could Fanny blame,
 If thus she could conceal her shame.

The eager squire jump'd into bed,
 In hopes to gain the maidenhead,
 (Tho' what it was he never knew)
 And friends with decency withdrew.

The squire propos'd a deal of pleasure
 In breaking up the virgin treasure ;
 But when he try'd the bold adventure,
 It was in vain, he could not enter ;
 Again he kiss'd, again he try'd,
 But all admittance was deny'd ;
 Fanny, mean while, cry'd out with pain,
 And fear'd no less than being slain ;
 But when she long enough had griev'd,
 The apple and the squire reliev'd.

And now the youth, of joy possess'd,
 Gave Fanny very little rest,
 But with his labour thirsty grown,
 Look'd for a drink, but, finding none,
 Complain'd to Fanny of his grief :
 My dear, said she, there's some relief,

Holding the apple in her hand,
You may whate'er is mine command.

Ten thousand thanks, my dear, my life,
My joy, my fair obliging wife,
The squire reply'd, and ate in haste,
But by no means admir'd the taste;
Tho' he for niceness little car'd,
He wish'd the apple had been par'd;
Yet, thus refresh'd, in great delight
Made Fanny pass away the night.

At morn they rose both fresh and gay,
Nor seem'd fatigu'd with wanton play.

But yet the squire, when left alone,
Did Cherry's wretched state bemoan,
And in soliloquy thus spoke:
Why was I tempted by a joke?
I left my Cherry's snowy arms,
To dote upon another's charms,
Who may, for any thing I know,
No better be than so and so;
For I declare, (as God shall save me)
That Cherry greater pleasure gave me:
At first I was oblig'd to wait,
I found my wife so very strait,
But afterwards I found the bride
Than my dear Cherry twice as wide;
I wish that ev'ry thing be right;
I've some suspicions of the knight;
But now I am ty'd up for life,
And have (God bless me!) got a wife,

And must no more on Cherry think;
 A curse on hunting and on drink !
 But I must shew myself a man,
 And bear it now the best I can.

This said, his friends about him came,
 And ask'd him how he lik'd the dame?
 So very well, he, smiling, said,
 I wish that each had such a maid;
 You then would know the joys of life,
 In having such a charming wife.

The knight, on this discourse grew pale,
 And scarcely could his fears conceal,
 But, when he found he said no more,
 Became as easy as before,
 And was as merry as the rest,
 Until the time the bride was dress'd.

The squire went up, and found the fair
 Before the glass, her bosom bare,
 Her hair so black, her skin so white,
 That he no more could bear the sight,
 But, thrusting out th' officious maid,
 Upon a couch the fair one laid,
 While she, who knew the whole affair,
 And oft had try'd both couch and chair,
 Brought him as good as he could bring,
 Nor did she fail in any thing.

When this was done, he call'd the maid,
 And, panting, by the fair one staid,

Who did the matchless charms discover,
 That he again became her lover,
 And to his heart his Fanny press'd,
 Who begg'd he'd leave her till she dress'd:
 But he, not minding what she said,
 Still with her wanton bosom play'd,
 Until his blood was all on fire,
 Then bid the maid again retire.

My life, said he, tho' I, last night,
 Found joys, and raptures, and delight,
 Yet all I did was out of sight;
 But now I mean to view your charms,
 And take you naked to my arms.

Dear Sir, said she, I beg that you
 Would nothing so indecent do;
 For me, my dear, I'd die for shame;
 Indeed, indeed, you are to blame;
 At night I'll do whate'er you please
 To give you joy, or give you ease;
 I'm almost dead with what you've done,
 And would your kind embraces shun;
 Yet do not think, my dearest squire,
 That I'll refuse what you require,
 All due regard to you I'll pay,
 And, as in duty bound, obey.

The squire laid all her dress aside,
 And in a moment strip'd the bride;
 And sure there never was a sight,
 That could afford so much delight.

Her hair, that was a raven black,
 Hung o'er her shoulders and her back :
 Her breasts were like the driven snow,
 On which her nipples warmly glow;
 Her arms, her waist, her legs, her thighs,
 The squire beheld with wond'ring eyes,
 Till love could brook no more delay,
 But seizing on the charming prey,
 In height of rapture died away.

But short and transient are our joys,
 Our bliss our very bliss destroys,
 And let our joys be ne'er so strong,
 We're sure they can't continue long,
 As Fanny and the squire confess'd,
 Who left the room till she got dress'd.

The friends came up, the bride was kiss'd,
 They shook the bridegroom by the fist ;
 The jests went round, and Fanny smil'd,
 Yet look'd as harmless as a child ;
 The merry bridegroom, too, was baited,
 Until they heard that dinner waited.

Down stairs they march'd, and in the hall
 They saw a sight surpriz'd them all ;
 A gentleman in scarlet dress'd,
 That thro' the croud of servants press'd,
 And, running up, embrac'd the bride,
 Who could not her amazement hide ;
 She struggled, but he held her fast,
 And, kissing, said, have I at last

Found out my dear, my joy, my life,
 My better part, my soul, my wife?
 With grief I left thy snowy arms,
 And thy almost untasted charms;
 I curs'd the wind, I curs'd the sea,
 And ev'ry kind of thing but thee;
 Since then I have both Indies seen,
 And in a thousand dangers been;
 I met a pyrate whom I fought,
 And all his wealth to England brought:
 But when I set my foot on shore,
 I, from my heart, sincerely swore,
 Never to tempt the ocean more;
 But live at home in wealth with thee,
 Who dearer art than life to me.
 I went to London, hoping there
 To find the object of my care,
 But for a quarter of a year,
 I could no tale nor tidings hear;
 Till, coming to thy brother's house,
 I found at last my charming spouse.
 Fanny, who had both wit and sense,
 Spoke with becoming eloquence:
 My charming captain, it is true,
 That I was married once to you;
 But yet, next morn, you left me quite
 Forlorn, and lost to all delight;
 Long time I did your absence mourn,
 And wish'd in vain for your return;

But when I heard my dear was slain,
 Who can exprefs the dreadful pain
 That I endur'd? I tore my hair,
 And long I liv'd in deep despair.
 My brother, there, came up to town,
 And in his chariot brought me down;
 Since then I've in this caſtle ſtaid,
 And ſtill have been believ'd a maid;
 This gentleman, a worthy ſquire,
 I know not how, was ſet on fire,
 And ask'd to make a wife of me,
 To which my brother did agree,
 And I, ſince you had loſt your life,
 Did condeſcend to be his wife;
 But, heav'n be prais'd, you've come in time
 To ſave my ſoul from ſuch a crime;
 This day we ſhould have married been,
 'Twas that made all theſe folks convene.

The honeſt ſquire ſoon took the hint,
 And, ſmiling, ſaid, the devil's in't;
 I thought (deluded by the knight)
 To've had a maiden-head to-night;
 But ſince miſs Fanny is your wife,
 I'll live a batch'lor all my life;
 The will of heav'n I can't controul,
 But wiſh you joy with all my ſoul;
 And here, before you all, declare,
 If e'er the noble captain, there,
 At any time will grace my houſe,
 And with him bring his lovely ſpouſe,

I'll think myself a happy man,
 And make them welcome, if I can.
 Farewel, fair lady, I'll be gone,
 And find at home an Apple John :
 For you, sweet knight, pray keep you merry,
 I thank you for your present, Cherry ;
 And, whisp'ring, said, tho' you have kifs'd her,
 She's as much virgin as your sister.
 And now I bid farewel to all,
 I'll homewards ride to Booby-Hall,
 And, tho' I've miss'd that lady bright,
 I shall not lie alone to-night.
 Away he spurr'd, to Cherry came,
 And long liv'd happy with the dame.

T A L E XIV.

MISS and the PARSON.

ONE day I with a lady sat,
 Passing the time in harmless chat,
 The parson and her daughter by,
 And none besides, but she and I.

The daughter was but just fifteen,
 A sprightly girl as e'er was seen,
 Was finely shap'd, had sparkling eyes,
 And her white breasts began to rise,
 By nature form'd for soft delight,
 While blooming looks to love invite.
 With so much beauty, so much fire,
 She could not fail to raise desire

In youthful breasts; but for my part,
 She did no damage to my heart,
 For mine was fix'd long time ago,
 And can no alteration know.

By age and much experience taught,
 I now can tell a woman's thought;
 I saw that miss was ill at ease,
 And too much warmth was her disease;
 She yawn'd, and stretch'd, and could not rest,
 While glowing cheeks her fire confess'd,
 But yet with so much life she spoke,
 That ev'ry sentence was a joke.

The parson was a learned man,
 And an instructive speech began;
 To miss he gave some grave advice,
 And rail'd at every kind of vice;
 Women, said he, (I'm sure I'm right)
 Should strive 'gainst love with all their might;
 To that wild passion women owe
 The many sorrows that they know;
 When love gets into youthful veins,
 It breaks the heart or turns the brains,
 And virgins often are pursuing,
 What gotten brings them certain ruin;
 How many of them have we seen
 Undone before they were fifteen?

Pray, stop a while, said angry miss;
 Good Doctor, talk no more of this;
 More are undone by chalk and lime,
 Than by sweet love, at any time;

And fools, grown old, still disapprove,
Of what they are not fit for, love.

Ah, miss ! said he, you are but young,
And therefor should restrain your tongue ;
'Tis age and knowlege makes me talk :
Believe me, fair one, eating chalk,
Oatmeal, or plaister, candle-ends,
Or any trash that most offends
A healthy palate, yet is good,
Compar'd to love, the worst of food ;
It fills our virgins heads with humours,
And swells their wombs with two leg'd tumours.

Good doctor, said the lively lass,
Your braying shews you are an ass ;
Think you that I will lose my bloom ?
Or leading apes will be my doom ?
Know, rev'rend Sir, I'm full fifteen,
And never had the sickness green,
Nor ever shall while there are men ;
If one suffice not, I'll have ten ;
Think you I'll fast when I can feast ?
O times ! O manners, said the priest :
I hope in heav'n you only jest.

No, Sir, said she, I tell the truth,
I'm young, and will not lose my youth :
I guess what loving is, tho' I
The act of love did never try ;
But to convince you that I shall,
I'll shew you I have wherewithal.

Then to the parson shew'd a fight,
That made him lose his temper quite.

Mamma her wanton daughter blam'd,
And wonder'd she was not asham'd,
Saying, it was a silly pride
To shew what nature meant to hide.

Mamma, said she, what he did spy,
Is full, I think, as old as I;
And, if it thinks I've done a crime,
May hide itself another time.

T A L E XV.

The P R A Y E R - B O O K.

IN Paris, when great Lewis reign'd,
A story happen'd, or was feign'd,
About a lady, who, with care,
Did daily mind her soul's affair :
From mass to mass, she restless went,
And all her time devoutly spent ;
At ev'ry shrine her pray'rs address'd,
And twice a-week her sins confess'd.
At vespers ev'ry night appear'd,
And sermons ev'ry Sunday heard ;
And, like a true repenting sinner,
Brought always home the priest to dinner.

'Twas only out of zeal ; for she,
 From carnal thoughts was wholly free,
 And, mindful of her soul's salvation,
 She never felt one titillation :
 The Priests each Sunday to her came,
 And still were welcome to the dame.

One day, a day above the rest,
 When she had all her sins confess'd,
 She heard a preacher, who, with spirit,
 Did laugh at grace, but cry'd up merit ;
 And said a charitable deed
 All other virtues did exceed ;
 That Christians were as bad as Turks,
 Who did not deal in pious works.
 He did not mean to clothe the poor,
 Nor feed the hung'ry at the door ;
 Heav'n might perhaps such acts regard ;
 And in the other world reward ;
 But who to church shall make donation,
 Needs never doubt their soul's salvation ;
 Nor vex their heart with idle stuff ;
 Believe in church it is enough ;
 For to the church such pow'r is giv'n,
 That she can carry you to heav'n ;
 Nay, were you all in purgatory,
 The church can send you soon to glory.

Madam believ'd each word he said,
 And, now no more of hell afraid,
 Soon as the sweet discourse was done,
 Away she to the frier run :

Dear Sir, said she, I humbly pray,
 That you would dine with me to-day.
 The holy man was well content,
 While zealous madam homewards went,
 And speedily prepar'd a feast,
 For her sweet soul-comforting guest,
 Who, by some ailment in his feet,
 But slowly crawl'd along the street;
 Yet, when he to her threshold came,
 Without reflecting that the dame
 Must from her window see what past,
 Pull'd something out that far surpass'd
 What any lay-man could produce,
 For largeness, length, and eke for use.

Madam, altho' she thrice had been
 A wife, had ne'er the like of't seen;
 Yet thought a frier should refrain,
 From touching what seem'd so prophane;
 And tho' he only meant to piss,
 She thought the priest had done amiss;
 And to a neighbour shew'd the sight,
 Who look'd upon it with delight;
 For she was lovely, young and gay,
 And dearly lov'd the am'rous play:
 Her spouse was old, and wanted health,
 And all her joys she took by stealth,
 He dealt in books, and many sold,
 And had his coffers cramm'd with gold;
 Within his shop his time was past,
 And thought his wife exceeding chaste;

But she had something else to mind,
And was to many a lover kind.

At last the priest put up his pipe,
While zealous madam, weeping ripe,
Begg'd him to wash his hands that he
From all pollution might be free.

Madam, I know not what you mean,
Said he, I'm sure my hands are clean,
Since I have nothing touch'd to-day,
Except the book on which I pray.

'Tis well, reply'd old Folio's wife,
'Tis very well, upon my life,
I'd wish my spouse less store of pelf,
Had he such books on ev'ry shelf.

T A L E XVI.

The FILTHY BEAST.

A Batch'lor of some forty nine,
A foe to love, a friend to wine,
Had led an honest smoaking life,
Without the burden of a wife;
But, as he found his age come on,
He likewise found his money gone;
No business he understood,
And, wanting drink, and wanting food,

To a widow full of years and pelf,
He prudently address'd himself.

Widow, said he, I'm come to woo,
Yet know not what to say or do ;
I'm forty years, nay something more,
But never was in love before :
Yet I have try'd the wanton game,
And think that I can please a dame :
My limbs are brawny, nose is long,
My shoulders broad, my back is strong,
And I have ever liv'd in health,
Thus I have told you all my wealth :
To cheat a widow I'd be loth,
But you've enough to serve us both.

At this discourse she was amaz'd ;
And at the spark with wonder gaz'd ;
For, tho' advanc'd in years, the dame,
Was a great lover of the game,
Yet she had never gone astray,
But lov'd it in a lawful way,
And her last husband often told,
She brib'd him to it with her gold ;
Yet she was such a hypocrite,
As still to rail at the delight,
And call him Filthy Beast, when she
Was happy to the last degree.

But in his grave he now was laid,
And she, poor woman, was afraid,
Since youth was gone, she would no more
Enjoy the bliss as heretofore.

But when the batch'lor told his tale,
 Her wrinkled cheeks grew red and pale,
 Her heart within her bosom burn'd,
 And all her former lust return'd;
 A trembling seiz'd on ev'ry limb,
 And fault'ring thus she spoke to him.

Kind Sir, if you the truth have told,
 You're welcome to me and my gold;
 I shall be yours this very day,
 Let's go to church, I hate delay.

The jolly lover was content,
 And hand in hand away they went:
 The honest parson ty'd them fast,
 And long'd-for night arriv'd at last:
 Two candles near the bed were plac'd,
 That from the room the darkness chac'd;
 The doting bride believ'd the light
 Would raise their joy to greater height,
 And fondly thought it was her charms,
 That made him court her to his arms,
 Altho' the man had fairly told,
 His love was mostly to her gold.

To bed they went, the lustful bride
 No longer could her wishes hide,
 But whisper'd softly in his ear,
 Begin the sport, begin, my dear;
 I'm ready for you, pray make haste,
 Then clasp'd him kindly round the waist;
 And looking down beheld a sight,
 That fill'd her heart with great delight:

On that old goody backwards fell,
 What happen'd next I cannot tell;
 But she declar'd, upon her life,
 Tho' she had been four times a wife,
 Such real joys she ne'er had felt,
 Nor had with such a husband dealt.
 She kiss'd his bosom, lips and eyes,
 And view'd his members with surprise,
 While he, to shew he was a man,
 The wanton play again began;
 She call'd him wicked lustful beast,
 Yet prest him closely to her breast.

He thought that this might well suffice,
 And ne'er design'd to do it thrice;
 But, lying tamely by her side,
 He smiling said, pray tell me, bride,
 Was your last spouse a man of might?
 Could he perform thus twice a-night
 As I have done? alas! she cry'd,
 That husband would not be deny'd.
 He did it nine times at the least;
 'Tis true he was a filthy beast.

The bridegroom said, and gave a nod,
 A very filthy beast, by G—d.

T A L E XVII.

The APOCRYPHA.

'T IS very odd to see how zeal
 O'er sense and reason doth prevail,
 And makes its votaries commit
 A thousand actions are unfit,
 And, following that hair-brain'd guide,
 Virtue and morals lay aside.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
 I'll give an instance of a maid,
 Who liv'd in Glasgow at the time
 When conventicling was a crime
 Severely punish'd by the law,
 Which made most people stand in awe:
 But Janet trudg'd from hill to hill,
 And thought she ne'er could get her fill;
 In frosts and snows, in winds and rains,
 Would six hours hear the raving strains;
 And such her zeal, that she did call
 The legal clergy priests of Baal:
 Bishops were an abomination,
 Whose pride, she said, would sink the nation.

An aunt, who heard of Janet's fame,
 To see her niece, to Glasgow came:

Janet bewail'd the evil times,
 Broke covenants and crying crimes,
 Then freely rail'd at church and state,
 At whoring Charles and papish Kate,
 Nor let the duke of York alone,
 But call'd him imp of Babylon.

The whining aunt was pleas'd to find,
 Her niece so zealously inclin'd,
 And, that she might continue true
 Gave her a bible bound in blue,
 And neatly gilt; on this they part.
 The present pleas'd her to the heart;
 She look'd upon it with delight,
 But soon she saw a dreadful sight,
 For, as she turn'd it o'er with care,
 Behold th' Apocrypha was there:
 On this her joy was turn'd to rage,
 And she tore out each guilty page.

But zeal oft carries folk too far,
 And they may do, ere they're aware,
 What they may afterwards repent,
 As I shall shew you in th' event.

Next Sunday morning, long ere day,
 Janet, from Glasgow took her way,
 To hear a preacher of renown
 For railing at the church and crown;
 The way was long, she had no guide,
 But her lopp'd bible by her side;
 The place of meeting, well she knew,
 Was at a hill above Renfrew.

At last she reach'd the long'd-for place,
 And heard the man brimful of grace ;
 With so much energy he spoke,
 As would have rent a heart of oak :
 He had the scriptures at command,
 And said that God would judge the land
 By them, his dear and chosen people,
 Who should demolish every steeple ;
 Pull out their bishops, tear their gowns,
 And bind their troopers and dragoons ;
 But peace and wealth to them would grant,
 Who stood firm to the covenant.

Six hours in such wild rants he past,
 But let his hearers go at last,
 Who left the hill with great content,
 And to their homes rejoicing went ;
 While zealous Janet, for her part,
 Declar'd the sermon reach'd her heart.

But, as thro' Crookston wood she came,
 An accident befel the dame :
 A handsome fellow young and strong,
 Who had in vain lov'd Janet long,
 Lay fast asleep beneath an oak ;
 But Janet soon his slumbers broke :
 She call'd his name ; he rais'd his eyes,
 And look'd on Janet with surprise :
 Then starting up, cry'd out, my dear,
 I did not dream to see you here :
 Will you sit down and rest a while ?
 Then gaz'd upon her with a smile.

The pious Janet was content,
 But slyly to the thicket went.
 He kiss'd her hand, and nothing said,
 Then with her lovely bosom play'd :
 Upon her lips he seiz'd in haste,
 And threw his arms around her waist :
 He fear'd he might offend the dame :
 But she, whose blood was all on flame,
 With open lips receiv'd the kiss,
 And did at once his fears dismiss :
 Their mouths were close together glu'd,
 His purpose he with warmth pursu'd.
 Upon the grass he gently laid
 The lovely and consenting maid :
 But could not stay to view her charms,
 But rush'd at once into her arms ;
 Then laid her charming legs aside,
 While Janet had no power to chide ;
 But did in ev'ry thing comply,
 And scorn'd to give a single cry.

This rapture took their speech away,
 And out of breath they silent lay ;
 But, after a long burning kiss,
 He mounted to renew the bliss ;
 And, smiling, let his dearest know
 Her lovely buttocks lay too low.

The fair one, list'ning to the speech,
 Her bible clapt below her breech ;
 And, as she heav'd, she, sighing, said,
 Alas ! I am a silly maid ;

A curse upon the luckless day,
 I tore th' Apocrypha away,
 And threw it in the cruel fire,
 It would have rais'd my buttocks higher,
 And might have help'd me at a pinch;
 But now my zeal has lost an inch.

T A L E XVIII.

The N U N.

From R A B E L A I S.

FEW arguments it will require
 To prove, that when a nun and frier
 Are left together in a cell,
 That they do something else than tell
 Their rosary; a man's a man,
 And 'tis not silly vows that can
 Subdue the heart of wild desire,
 Nor cool nor quench their lustful fire.

Of flesh and blood the nuns are form'd;
 And their soft hearts are quickly storm'd;
 Altho' ten thousand oaths they swear,
 They can't the least confinement bear;
 And, tho' in cursed cloyster pent,
 That may their wish'd escape prevent,
 Yet nature still will find a vent;

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And I am told some women can
Do very near as much as man,
And others have found out a sport,
To please them, of another sort.

But these are secrets past my skill,
Yet let them practise what they will,
They of these baubles quickly tire,
If they can get a priest or frier.

But what I say will pass for nought,
Unless examples can be brought
To vouch the truth that I advance.

Long, long ago there was in France,
A charming nun, who was beguil'd,
Or, in plain English, was with child.
The lady abbess, in despair,
Her garments rent, and tore her hair,
And, overpower'd with rage did call
The nuns together to the hall;
The guilty nun came with the rest,
And not the least concern express'd.

To her the angry abbess spoke,
You strumpet, who our laws have broke,
Tell me, as you would shun damnation,
And as you hope your soul's salvation,
Who got that child? She gravely said,
For ought I know I am a maid;
For, madam, and at that she smil'd,
I'm sure I never bore a child.

That's not enough, the abbess cry'd,
Your guilt, you slut, can't be deny'd;

Your belly's like to burst its skin,
Come, tell me, whore, who thrust it in.

The pregnant nun began to laugh,
To see the abbess in a chaff,
Then said, since you desire to know,
To whom I this great belly owe,
I'll honestly the truth declare,
And all the steps of this affair:
On Whitfun's eve, sev'n months ago,
The time I most exactly know,
As on my bed I sleepless lay,
Young father Stiffump came that way,
My door he open'd, ventur'd in;
I just had stript me to the skin;
My nakedness I could not hide;
The frier laid his frock aside:
Faith, madam, had you seen that sight,
It would have given your heart delight,
At least, I'm sure it gave to mine;
You know his face and shapes are fine;
I ne'er had seen a naked man,
And to admire him streight began;
I gaz'd upon his lovely shape,
Nor did I let one charm escape;
But, O! what raptures seiz'd my heart
When I beheld a certain part!
A sight I ne'er had seen before;
With joy I view'd it o'er and o'er,
So long, so large, and so erect,
That in my soul it rais'd respect;

I guess'd its use, and wish'd that he
 Would make the experiment on me;
 And as I wish'd the frier did,
 And the dear object wholly hid,
 Where you may guess; my heart doth melt
 To think upon the joy I felt.

The abbess said, you wicked jade,
 Why did not you cry out for aid?
 Ah madam, madam, said the nun,
 The deed was in the dorter done,
 And sure you know as well as I,
 We dare not in the dorter cry.

'Tis true, the fretting abbess said,
 But, when you found yourself betray'd,
 Why did you not, by making signs,
 Discover all these lewd designs?

At this the merry nun laugh'd loud,
 And said, I did all that I cou'd;
 I heav'd my buttocks to and fro,
 And that way did my danger show,
 But 'twas in vain; no friendly nun
 To help a ruin'd sister run.

Yet, said the abbess, you're to blame;
 Why did you not declare your shame,
 Soon as the wicked deed was done?
 Alas! reply'd the wanton nun,
 I was a young and silly maid,
 And so of consequence afraid

The deed would send me down to hell.
 So, ere the frier left the cell,
 I all my sins to him confess'd,
 Who kindly set my soul at rest,
 And, for a penance, did impose
 I never should the thing disclose.

T A L E XIX.

The WAY to LEARN.

I'VE heard it said in Lei'ster-shire,
 There liv'd a young and simple squire,
 Who, led by custom, took a wife,
 To be the comfort of his life.

The maid was young and wond'rous fair,
 And had a most engaging air;
 The brainless squire believ'd that he
 Was happy to the last degree;
 All day he gaz'd upon her charms,
 And nightly lock'd her in his arms.

Madam, who wish'd for something more,
 The sheets for very anger tore.
 A week this joyless life she led,
 And only shar'd her husband's bed,
 Till, quite o'ercome with discontent,
 She to the honest parson went.

Kind Sir, said she, oppress'd with grief,
 I come to you to ask relief;

'Twas you, who, at my friends desire,
 Did join me to this booby squire ;
 Eight days I've been his wife, and more,
 Yet I'm a virgin as before ;
 No sort of joy with him I find,
 He doth not serve me after kind,
 He either manhood wants, or skill,
 Since I am what I told you still.

'Tis very hard, the parson said,
 That one so fair should be a maid,
 Yet have a husband ; on my life,
 If I had got you for a wife,
 That moment I had got to bed,
 You should have lost your maiden-head ;
 I had employ'd the precious time,
 And taught you joys that are sublime ;
 But, since it was not heav'n's decree,
 Pray send your idle spouse to me,
 I shall instruct him in the art,
 And make him act a husband's part.
 Away she run in great content,
 And to the priest her husband sent,
 Where, being seated by the fire,
 The parson said, my worthy squire,
 'To me you make a goodly figure,
 And seem to be a man of vigour ;
 How do you like a married life ?
 And which way do you use your wife ?
 I hope the nuptial joys you've try'd.
 To this the simple squire reply'd,

Great are my joys, I must confess,
 No language can my joys express:
 All day I hugg, all day I kifs,
 And toy away my hours in blifs;
 All night within my arms she lies,
 I kifs her bosom, lips and eyes,
 Like lambs or kids we sportful play,
 And harmless pass our time away.

The parson shook his head at this,
 And said, if you do nought but kifs,
 Small entertainment she will find;
 Do you ne'er serve her after kind?

The squire, at this, astonish'd sat,
 And ask'd him what he meant by that.

The parson at his dulness star'd,
 And bid him look into the yard,
 Behold, said he, that turkey-cock,
 Who doth your want of knowlege mock;
 I beg you would his actions mind,
 He serves his female after kind;
 Should brutes more wisdom have than you,
 And teach your worship what to do?

The squire beheld the cock with wonder,
 And saw him hold his female under:
 He thank'd the parson for his care,
 And to his dearest did repair.
 My life, said he, I blush for shame,
 And freely own, I've been to blame;
 For tho' I doated on your charms,
 And held you in my loving arms,

In duty I have been behind,
 And never serv'd you after kind ;
 From ignorance my error sprung,
 You know I'm thoughtless, simple, young ;
 The parson, blessings on his heart,
 Has shewn me how to play my part.

This said, he gave a kind embrace,
 And turn'd the fair one on her face,
 Her hair he in his teeth did seize,
 And punch'd her buttocks with his knees,
 All that he saw the turkey do,
 He did, and made her black and blue.

Th' offended wife cry'd out with pain,
 And begg'd he'd see the priest again ;
 But lest, my dear, that you should make
 Another blunder or mistake,
 I'll go with you ; he was content,
 And to the parson joyful went.

He welcom'd them ; the squire begun,
 And, laughing told what he had done ;
 Like any turkey cock I trod,
 But angry madam gave a nod,
 And said, the wicked man says true,
 He trod my limbs both black and blue,
 And now you see my sorrow mocks ;
 Pray what care I for turkey-cocks ?
 He's very dull, it ne'er will do,
 Unless he's better taught by you.

The wanton parson took the hint,
 And, smiling, said, the devil's in't,

(Since my advice and precepts fail)
 If demonstration don't prevail:
 Good squire, look well on what I do,
 And, if this method you pursue,
 You shall the joys of wedlock find,
 And serve my lady after kind.

No more he said, but gravely led
 The willing fair one to the bed,
 Upon her back he laid her down,
 Pull'd up her petticoat and gown,
 And ev'ry thing lay in his way,
 Then did begin the wanton play.
 While thus they did themselves employ,
 Th' attentive squire look'd on with joy;
 He did not shew the least concern,
 But look'd with a design to learn;
 Each motion he observ'd with care;
 But when the parson and the fair
 Entranc'd in height of rapture lay,
 He knew not what to do or say;
 He fear'd the happy pair were dead.
 At last she faintly rais'd her head,
 And said, sweet doctor, I entreat
 You would again the joy repeat;
 Kind Sir, I tell you with concern,
 My husband's dull and slow to learn,
 And what you've done, will be in vain,
 Unless you shew it once again.

T A L E XX.

The D R E A M.

WH Y man, that makes a just pretence
 To understanding and to sense,
 Should chuse to live in care and strife,
 And sell himself a slave for life,
 When ev'ry creature else, but he,
 Enjoys the sweets of liberty,
 Is what I never could pretend
 To understand or comprehend.

The wiser brutes, when they're inclin'd
 T' encrease and multiply their kind,
 Indulge in lust, but, when 'tis o'er,
 Continue free as heretofore;
 But only man, for love or pelf,
 In wedlock-fetters, tyes himself.

'Tis said the storks and turtle-doves
 Are ever faithful in their loves;
 Yet I believe, that none or few,
 Can vouch the story to be true;
 But, for avoiding all disputes,
 I'll own the folly of some brutes,
 While there are thousands on our side,
 Who follow nature for their guide.

We're told, that when the world was new,
 Of human kind there were but two,
 Those to each other were confin'd,
 They could not change had they inclin'd;
 But, when the race of man increas'd,
 That custom with its reason ceas'd;
 To stock the world more wives they took,
 And joyless constancy forsook:
 Nor did the saints this practice shun,
 Heav'n's chosen David and his son,
 Of wives and whores had so great store,
 And so much love to women bore,
 That, it is left us on record,
 For women they forsook the Lord.

But now the world draws near its end,
 Such doings would in kings offend:
 One wife is all the law allows,
 And if he wearies of his spouse,
 And in his bosom feels a flame,
 Rais'd by a fairer, brighter dame,
 Nay, tho' he's ravish'd with her charms,
 And she consents to bless his arms,
 Yet, spite of all his pow'r and wealth,
 He must enjoy the fair by stealth,
 Nay, bribe her high; kings may do this,
 And give a province for a kiss.

But why a man, whose highest pay
 Doth not exceed a groat a-day,
 Should knowingly disturb his life,
 And take the burden of a wife,

To swallow up the half he has,
 Doth very far my skill surpass ;
 Yet such the folly of mankind,
 That what I say you'll often find
 Is certain truth. Upon a time,
 A lusty fellow, for the crime
 Of breaking orchards, stealing fruit,
 Was sent away for a recruit.
 He scarce could live upon his pay,
 Which was but fourpence ev'ry day,
 Poor was his food, and weak his drink,
 But small incitements, one would think,
 To love or lust ; yet, thoughtless for,
 He chus'd to live on half a groat ;
 For to a strum, one luckless day,
 He gave his hand and heart away,
 And, tho' he little had to spare,
 He gave her twopence to her share.

Tho' wretched poor, it rais'd his pride
 To look upon his lovely bride ;
 For truth, to give the slut her due,
 Leah was young and lovely too,
 But soon she did some freedoms take,
 Made Edward's heart and forehead ake ;
 For in the camp she often went,
 To see the captain in his tent.

On this poor Ned held down his head,
 He thought enough, but nothing said ;
 With care and jealousy oppress'd,
 He lost his stomach and his rest ;

He watch'd her actions all the day,
 And in his arms she nightly lay,
 Three men lay in the tent beside
 Our foldier and his wanton bride ;
 But he, to make the matter sure,
 And Leah, from all men secure,
 And his own cuckoldom prevent,
 Made her lye inmost in the tent.

Ned, with his caution pleas'd, began
 To think himself a cunning man :
 But men who take the greatest care,
 The fate of others often share.
 Ye husbands, be assur'd of this,
 Whene'er your wives begin to kiss,
 They'll do't in spite of all your skill,
 And cuckold you whene'er they will :
 So when they mean to go astray,
 In God's name let them have their way.
 With Leah this was just the case,
 Tho' lying nightly, face to face,
 With cautious Edward, yet her spark,
 Came slyly to her in the dark,
 And from the tent stole out a pin,
 Then slipt part of his body in,
 Attacking Leah in the rear,
 Tho' in her arms she held her dear.

Thus did she pass in joy the night,
 And gave the captain great delight ;
 Her happy Edward's heart was free
 From any kind of jealousy :

For Leah grew sedate and grave,
 And like a matron did behave,
 Yet thus her nights in love employ'd,
 Nor was the loving captain cloy'd.

But they were once in mighty fear ;
 For as the lover left the rear,
 Quite satisfy'd with am'rous joys,
 The husband wak'd, and heard the noise,
 And, turning to the other side
 Blind fortune did his fortune guide
 On what to Leah gave delight,
 And made him cuckold ev'ry night ;
 The captain quickly left the tent,
 And to his own in silence went.

But Edward's heart began to ake,
 Till his chaste Leah seem'd to wake,
 Who, to avoid domestic strife,
 Thus artfully began : My life,
 I've had a dream so very odd,
 I wish it may no mischief bode ;
 I dream'd a dog was in the tent,
 Who to my buttocks streight-way went,
 And lick'd about a certain part ;
 The fright has wak'd me in a start ;
 Did e'er you hear a dream so odd ;
 It was, said he, no dream by G—d ;
 For I protest to you, my dear,
 The faucy cur, just now was here,
 For in my hands his tongue I got,
 And would have tore it from his throat,

For licking at the place he did,
But that it thro' my fingers slid.

T A L E XXI.

The T O O T H - D R A W E R.

A Parson's wife, young, fair, and gay,
Soon weary'd of her husband's way;
For all night by her side he snor'd,
And all day on his volumes por'd:
He did not relish wedlock joys,
He had already girls and boys,
That his first wife, good woman, bore,
And, thrifty man, he wish'd no more:
His present wife some money brought,
And that was all the parson sought.

The doctor was a saving man,
And, ere he married last, began
To think he little had to spare,
And children would encrease his care
And his expences; yet, he thought,
If that a fair one could be brought
To live in quiet day and night,
And ne'er ask conjugal delight,
Her portion would his wealth encrease,
And he all night might sleep in peace.

Full well he knew that he was old,
 Yet he had heard some maids were cold,
 Who past their days with great discretion,
 Nor car'd for love nor copulation :
 If so he'd be in happy case.

Thus, full of faith, heav'n-pleasing grace,
 He ventur'd on the charming maid,
 And was not of her youth afraid.

While she, reluctant to his suit,
 With horror view'd the feeble brute ;
 She loath'd his age, abhorr'd his figure,
 And in his looks read want of vigour.

Her beauty now was in its bud,
 And she foresaw her youthful blood
 An abler doctor would require
 To cool its heat, and quench its fire :
 Add to all this, that long ere now,
 She in heart had made a vow,
 To wed a surgeon, who, in truth,
 Was handsom, and a clever youth.

But parents, upon lucre bent,
 Do seldom mind their child's content,
 And, careless of their future ease,
 Ev'n make them wed whome'er they please.

The truth of this fair Kitty try'd,
 She sigh'd, she kneel'd, she pray'd, she cry'd ;
 And begg'd they would their Kitty save
 From age, diseases and the grave ;
 For surely that would be her fate,
 If married to that horrid mate,

Who was made up of ails and years ;
 Then back'd her speech with floods of tears.
 But all was vain that Kitty said,
 Her parents needs would be obey'd ;
 They knew full well the priest was rich,
 And wealth their senses did bewitch.
 Thus to their curst avarice,
 Poor Kitty fell a sacrifice.

The wedding night arriv'd at last,
 The red-fac'd curate made them fast ;
 To bed the mourning fair-one went,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and discontent :
 The doctor laid him by her side,
 (Unequal match for such a bride.)
 The wedded pair were left alone,
 While Kitty did her fate bemoan.
 Cross'd in her love, and, what was worse,
 Condemn'd for life to be a nurse
 To one she hated. Wretched maid !
 But, most of all, she was afraid
 Lest he should take her in his arms,
 And try to rifle all her charms :
 This dreadful thought she could not bear,
 But vain in this was Kitty's fear,
 The bridegroom was not so dispos'd,
 He kiss'd the bride, and then compos'd
 His aged limbs to wish'd-for rest,
 And for no other favour press'd.
 Tho' Kitty was o'erjoy'd at this,
 She took his coldness much amiss ;

She thought her beauty might inspire
 Old age itself with young desire ;
 But since he had her charms despis'd,
 And that a single kiss suffic'd,
 She meant no more to lose her time,
 But use her beauty in her prime,
 The surgeon should her want supply,
 And rife her virginity.
 No more, said she, shall Dick complain
 'That he has lov'd me but in vain ;
 'To-morrow shall his triumph see,
 When he may take revenge on me :
 'This resolution cas'd her breast,
 And she sunk down to quiet rest.

The aged parson rose by day,
 He kiss'd his fair one, and away ;
 Who for her much-lov'd Richard sent.
 He came and gave her great content,
 Her virgin fort with vigour storm'd,
 And, lover-like, his part perform'd ;
 Nor did he stay to toy and kiss,
 But sought for more substantial blifs,
 While Kitty did his love commend,
 And wish'd the rapture ne'er might end.

But short, alas ! are all our joys,
 Our greatest pleasure soonest cloy,
 As, to her grief, poor Kitty knew ;
 Her rampant lover weary grew,
 He kiss'd, but could no farther go ;
 This fill'd her loving heart with woe,

And, deeply sighing, look'd with sorrow;
Dear Dick, said she, come back to-morrow.

Next day, and Richard with it, came,
And gave great pleasure to the dame.

While thus they did their time employ,
And pass their hours in love and joy,
The husband in his closet staid,
Ne'er dreaming of the pranks they play'd,
But was o'erjoy'd to find his wife,
So easy in her state of life.

She shew'd no heat nor youthful fire,
But, free from lust and loose desire,
Slept well at night, and in the day
Was never vex'd but always gay :
This made him lead a happy life,
And in his soul admire his wife.

One day the doctor did intend
To ride some miles to see a friend :
Kitty complain'd that she had got
An inflammation in her throat,
And that she meant to draw a tooth
That gave her pain, and spoil'd her mouth,
And that the torture would undo her
Unless he sent the surgeon to her.

Away he went, the surgeon came,
And in his arms he took the dame :
Down on the bed the lovers lie,
Ne'er thinking on a child was by ;
To love they fell with all their might,
And in the pastime took delight :

Oft he was vanquish'd in her arms ;
 But Kitty had so many charms,
 That, with a long tongue-touching kiss,
 She rous'd him to renew the blifs.
 Thus, wing'd with joy, their moments flew,
 Till love almost insipid grew :
 Away the languid lover went,
 And she was for that time content.

Back to his house the parson came,
 To see his poor afflicted dame :
 The first he met with was the boy,
 His favourite and greatest joy !
 'Twas he who in the room was hid,
 And saw what Kate and Richard did.
 Tell me, said he, my little life,
 How is it with my dearest wife ?
 Did Richard come and pull her tooth ?
 Yes, said the boy, and on my truth,
 It was both long, and large, and white :
 I vow it put me in a fright :
 I wish it do mamma no harm,
 For 'twas almost as long as my arm.

T A L E XXII.

The SELF-DENIED.

TH E other day I heard a tale
 From Glasgou, fam'd for rum and zeal,
 For fighting husbands, praying wives,
 For looks precise, but cheating lives,
 Of a young woman full of grace,
 The most admir'd of all the place,
 Who twenty sermons could tell o'er,
 Tho' preach'd above six months before;
 On week-day sermons took delight,
 And ev'ning lectures ev'ry night.
 She always spoke in scripture phrase,
 And trode in sanctified ways,
 Till, tempted by her holy life,
 A merchant ask'd her for his wife.

Good friend, said she, I'm not to learn,
 That, in a thing of such concern,
 A woman cannot be too nice,
 But of the Lord should ask advice;
 And if he leaves me in the dark,
 I'll ask his servant Mr. Clark.

This answer fill'd the man with hope,
 Who went contented to his shop,
 While godly Mary went to pray'r,
 And counsel ask'd in her affair.

Then to her pious pastor walk'd,
 And of the merchant's offer talk'd ;
 Where after many to's and fro's,
 He answer'd sagely thro' the nose:
 Beloved Mary, babe of grace,
 I have consider'd on your case;
 The merchant leads a pious life,
 And well deserves a godly wife,
 And I believe, upon the matter,
 That neither of you can do better :
 Heav'n bless you both, and may he be
 A comforter and help to thee.

She went away in great content,
 And for the loving merchant sent,
 Told him that Mr. Clark approv'd,
 And all her scruples were remov'd.
 The marriage day was fix'd on this,
 But Mary still deny'd the kifs.

Three Sundays past in proclamation,
 For all was manag'd with discretion :
 They married were, and to their feasts
 The clergy were the only guests ;
 In place of mirth, and merry airs,
 Were exhortations, psalms and pray'rs.
 The bride, at last, away was led,
 The merchant follow'd her to bed.
 Clark made a long and pithy pray'r,
 Spread out his hands, and bless'd the pair :
 Amen, cry'd out the wry-mouth'd crew,
 And, sighing, from the room withdrew.

The merchant who was called John,
 With his dear Mary left alone,
 Her mouth and lovely bosom kiss'd,
 Nor did the bride at all resist ;
 But when his hand he lower thrust,
 Pray John, said she, beware of lust,
 And take your busy hand away,
 Then listen, John, to what I say.

The scripture says, and it says true,
 We should all filthy thoughts subdue ;
 But what you drive at is no less
 Than chambering and wantonness.
 King Solomon the wise, the good,
 Tho' many things he understood,
 Has in his book of proverbs said,
 The way of a man with a maid,
 To him was a deep mystery ;
 Would you be wiser, John, than he ?
 Let us live pure and undefil'd,
 Not by the world and flesh beguil'd,
 Resisting lust and each temptation,
 And thus work out our own salvation :
 Dear John, if you'll be rul'd in this,
 I'll greet you with a holy kiss.

The bridegroom, with her lecture vex'd,
 Said, you have quite mistook the text,
 Else tell me, Mary, where's the sense
 Of giving due benevolence ?
 Then quoted twenty scriptures more :
 But she continu'd as before.

And, spite of all the bridegroom said,
 Hop'd in the Lord to die a maid;
 She would her body keep from sin,
 Nor let the least defilement in.

Tho' John was young and full of vigour,
 And Mary was a lovely figure,
 He did not care to be at strife,
 The very first night, with his wife;
 And therefor let her rest till day,
 Then made another vain essay,
 For godly Mary would not grant
 To John the thing that John did want.

This much displeas'd the honest man,
 Who dress'd himself, and straightway ran
 To Mr. Clark, and told his case,
 How that his wife, mistaking grace,
 The conjugal embrace deny'd,
 Altho' in holy wedlock ty'd;
 Then begg'd that he would let her know
 That she did wrong in doing so.

The holy man first sigh'd, then said,
 I'll commune with the erring maid,
 And hope, by scripture proofs, to make
 Sweet Mary part with her mistake;
 But I must tell you, honest friend,
 Her modesty I much commend,
 Since, trust me, John, 'tis very rare,
 To meet a woman, young and fair,
 That can, in spite of titillation,
 Resist the lawful sweet temptation :

'Tis good to guard against the devil,
And shun th' appearances of evil.

This said, conducted by her spouse,
Away he went to Mary's house,
And, being left with her alone,
He thus began : Thy husband John
Has made a sad complaint to me,
That from his will you disagree,
And that your body you deny,
When he the wedlock joys would try ;
Mary, in this you are unjust,
And what is lawful, you call lust :
The Lord did marriage institute,
Ere eating the forbidden fruit ;
And Eve with Adam did agree,
Else where had been posterity ?
You've heard how in a married life,
The husband should cleave to the wife :
But how can John that law obey,
When you are cross, and answer nay ?
Believe me, Mary, you are wrong,
Your body doth to John belong ;
And it is sin if you refuse
What he by law is free to use.
My godly wife, and all the wives
In Glasgow, who lead praying lives,
Whene'er their husbands think it fit,
Most chearfully in this submit :
You now have chang'd your state of life,
Then be a kind complying wife.

'Twas thus the rev'rend man advis'd,
 Nor was his good advice despis'd;
 Sweet Mary thank'd him for his care,
 And begg'd that they might join in pray'r,
 For asking counsel and direction,
 For conduct and divine protection.

He pray'd, and then the virgin bride,
 Confess'd that she was edify'd;
 That by the help of grace and pray'r,
 She had got light in this affair;
 So, after Mr. Clark was gone,
 And she and spouse were left alone,
 She warmly kiss'd the loving man,
 And, smiling on him, thus began:
 Dear friend, I have been in the wrong,
 But will not so continue long,
 The holy man was in the right,
 I'll do what you desire at night;
 But, if till then you're loth to stay,
 You only have the word to say,
 I know my duty's to obey.

Your purpose you may now fulfil,
 And use your hand-maid as you will.

The husband's heart was full of joy,
 To find the bride no longer coy,
 Yet did not dally, like a fool,
 To give the fair one time to cool;
 But, with a thousand kisses, led
 The silent Mary to the bed,

Where like a lamb she passive lay,
 For she knew nothing of the way :
 But soon he did her legs divide,
 And in a moment made the bride
 Cry out, for God and heav'n's sake, John,
 O let, O let the thing alone !
 Is this the conjugal delight ?
 O cruel John you kill me quite :
 But now 'tis in, 'tis in, she cry'd,
 If God, by this, were glorify'd,
 And, if it were for your soul's gain,
 Tho' verily it gave me pain,
 I'd wish it ne'er come out again.

}

T A L E XXIII.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE day a tell-tale waiting maid,
 In tears thus to her lady said,
 'The cook has vex'd me to the heart,
 And if you do not take my part,
 I never can hold up my face,
 Without dishonour and disgrace.
 My lady said, pray tell your meaning,
 If there is reason for complaining,

I'll take your part, you may be certain,
And give you full revenge on Martin.

Madam, said she, and thus she blush'd,
For me, I wish the thing was hush'd,
But I'm afraid it can't be hid,
The servants saw what Martin did ;
As by the kitchen fire I stood,
Thinking, God knows, on nought but good,
The cook did slyly by me stand,
And clap'd his something in my hand :
The like I never saw nor felt,
I'll have the wicked fellow gelt.
My lady said, run down in haste,
And send to me the lustful beast.
The cook came gravely up the stairs,
The lady put on all her airs :
You saucy villain, madam said,
How durst you thus affront my maid ?

Martin with modesty begun,
Pray tell me, madam, what I've done ?
Your maids can ne'er complain of me ;
Like lambs your maids and I agree.

My lady did in wrath reply
Can you your wicked deeds deny ?
My meaning you won't understand,
What was't you clapt in Betty's hand ?

And is this all, reply'd the cook ?
Do I for this deserve rebuke :

I'll tell the truth, as I'm a finner,
 I've got some partridges for dinner;
 I was in hurry, yet your maid
 A thousand wanton frolics play'd;
 And since she in my way would stand,
 I clap'd a partridge in her hand.
 • A likely tale, my lady said,
 As if you thought I'd keep a maid,
 So void of wit and common sense,
 As not to know the difference,
 'Twixt partridges and standing p——,
 Pray, Martin, leave your foolish tricks,
 Else I shall shew you, to your sorrow
 I'll make you quiet ere to-morrow.

Altho' the dame in anger spoke,
 Her eyes declar'd she was in joke:
 She was not cruel in her nature,
 But was a most obliging creature;
 She had a large extensive mind,
 And bore good-will to all mankind,
 This made her wish she had survey'd
 That something mention'd by her maid;
 And thought the cook deserv'd a bribe,
 If 'twas as Betty did describe;
 And from her soul she long'd to know,
 If that the thing was really so,
 At last, resolv'd to satisfy
 Her female curiosity;
 The cook was handsom, young and clean,
 And tho' his birth was low and mean,

Yet he might as much love afford,
 As any duke or garter'd lord ;
 Away she let all scruples fly,
 And was determin'd she would try.

She smil'd, and thus to Martin said,
 Shew me, young man, (be not afraid)
 That partridge that you shew'd my maid. }
 The fellow heard her with surprize,
 With joy he view'd her wishing eyes,
 Her orders readily obey'd :
 Transported she the thing survey'd :
 She saw the maid had told the truth,
 And hugg'd the ample-gifted youth ;
 Upon the bed they panting fell,
 What more they did I cannot tell.
 The dame was young, the fellow strong,
 Their pastime did continue long :
 Young Martin all his vigour try'd,
 My lady in all things comply'd :
 At last he was disabled quite,
 And could not give nor take delight.

My lady clasp'd him round the waist,
 And, smiling said, I ne'er did taste,
 Tho' I have been three years a wife,
 So sweet a partridge in my life.
 Farewel, dear Martin, heav'n restore you,
 I think I've plumm'd your partridge for you.

T A L E XXIV.

The QUESTION, to Dr. A.

TELL me, good doctor, what's the cause,
 (You who have study'd nature's laws)
 Why women, of one shape and feature,
 So far should differ in their nature.
 By nature here I do not mean
 A temper eaten with the spleen,
 Nor one whose happy soul's at ease,
 And has no thought but how to please;
 But what I mean is only this,
 Why one delights in amorous bliss,
 While t'other who has equal charms,
 A stranger is to love's alarms,
 And talks of love with great despite,
 In which her sister takes delight.

To vouch the truth of what I say,
 Two men I knew, both young and gay,
 Who, weary'd of a single life,
 Took each of them a lovely wife,
 The daughters of a certain knight,
 Alike in features, shape and height;
 I saw them marry'd, put to bed,
 Each husband got a maidenhead:

Next day the bridēgrooms were content,
 And I down to the country went :
 Within a week I came to town,
 And found my friends were both cast down ;
 I could not bear to see them so,
 And to the one did frankly go ;
 And ask'd the reason of his grief :
 He said, I'm ruin'd past relief.
 You see, my wife's a lovely sight,
 And form'd to give a man delight,
 Her eyes and face to love entice,
 But, ah! my friend, she's cold as ice :
 No joy she gives, no joy can feel,
 Nor meets my love with equal zeal ;
 And, spite of all her outward charms,
 Like marble lyes within my arms ;
 No calenture can warm her blood,
 Nor thaw the dull, the stagnant flood :
 Thus I am made a slave for life,
 Ty'd to a fair, but joyless wife.

I left this friend in discontent,
 And to the other streightway went ;
 I saw he was but ill at ease,
 And kindly ask'd him his disease.
 My friend, said he, then made a pause,
 You see me sad, and ask the cause ;
 From such a friend I'll nothing hide,
 Curs'd be the day I got a bride ;
 For tho' she is made up of charms,
 And came a virgin to my arms,

Yet I am weary'd of my life,
 And wish I ne'er had got a wife;
 She is so full of wanton play,
 I get no rest by night or day;
 Her youthful blood is still on fire,
 She is all love and hot desire;
 Her pulse beats high, her bosom heaves,
 The more I do, the more she craves:
 But when by her resistless charms,
 She draws me to her eager arms;
 She's with the joy transported quite,
 And dies away in vast delight.
 Last night I like a parson toil'd,
 But was, in spite of vigour foil'd,
 I laid me down, and would have slept,
 When to my breast she fondly crept;
 And, giving me a burning kiss,
 Begg'd that I would renew the bliss.
 I ask'd her how she could support
 The violence of amorous sport?
 My life, said she, and squeez'd my finger,
 The more I'm thing'd, I'm still the thinger.

THE DOCTOR'S ANSWER.

Good Sir, as for your natural question,
 (A thing too true to make a jest on)
 At present I decline the task,
 'Tis you should answer, I should ask:

Some things there are, If I might quote 'em,
Which man can never search to bottom,
Too ticklish to be nearly touch'd,
Yet may in simile be couch'd.

Two fiddles lay, in size and frame
Alike, their wood and strings the same;
Them both by turns a minstrel try'd,
And with the stick their bellies ply'd;
A clown stood by astonish'd much,
How by the same apparent touch,
One sounded with melodious voice,
Whilst t'other made a jarring noise.
To him the minstrel thus, thou dunderhead,
With as just cause thou might have wondered,
At winter's frost, and heat in June,
This fiddle here is out of tune.

Fiddles alone are not to blame,
The sticks must often take the shame;
Too feeble, short, or limber chosen,
And often fail for want of rosin.

T A L E XXV.

GOOD ADVICE.

SOME years ago a charming dame
 In Paris to the regent came.
 She was so vext she scarce could speak,
 She trembled, and her voice was weak;
 But rage, however closely pent
 In woman's breast, will find a vent.
 Three times she sigh'd, and thus began :
 Great Orleans, I am undone :
 Just now the cardinal I saw,
 Told him I had a suit at law,
 That I'd be baffled at the court,
 Unless he did my cause support,
 Then to him kneel'd; as God shall save me,
 The wicked wretch an answer gave me,
 With which I was quite thunderstruck ;
 Madam, said he, go home and f——.
 What could the lewd, the rotten brute
 Say to a common prostitute ?
 Was this fit language to a maid ?
 To this his highness, smiling said,
 What tho' Dubois 's a slave to vice,
 Yet, faith, he gave you good advice.

T A L E XXVI.

FIFTY POUNDS SAVED.

A Peer, some more than six-foot high,
 The soldier trade resolv'd to try;
 He fondly fancy'd that his size,
 Would make him in the army rise;
 He of his valour much did boast,
 And by his friends obtain'd a post.

My lord, with what was giv'n, content,
 Pack'd up his awls, to Flanders went,
 Nor would my lady stay behind,
 But, spite of wintry seas and wind,
 Did with her husband risque her life,
 To shew her duty as a wife.

The voyage ended with content,
 Her ladyship did stay at Ghent:
 My lord stay'd out a whole campaign,
 Then to his wife return'd again.

My lady was young, fresh and gay,
 And, while her husband was away,
 Had past her time in soft delights,
 Mirthblest'd her days, love crown'd her nights.
 Lovers she had, at least a dozen,
 Amongst the rest his lordship's cousin,

A gallant man and handsom too,
 Who never did successless woo;
 Each day he to the fair one came,
 And gave great pleasure to the dame.
 But now her husband was return'd,
 For want of joy my lady mourn'd:
 They could not meet so oft's they would,
 Yet met as often as they could.

One night my lord came fluster'd home,
 And sent in haste for cousin Tom:
 He joyful came as was desir'd;
 They sup'd; the servants all retir'd.
 My lady stay'd, as may be guess'd,
 His Lordship toasted to the best:
 Tom on my lady star'd, and smil'd,
 While she look'd harmless as a child.
 My lord a ranting speech began,
 And over his perfections ran;
 He prais'd himself for this and that,
 And said, dear Tom, my you know what
 Is larger, nay, is longer too,
 Than what can be produc'd by you.

The well-bred colonel, blushing, sat,
 And, smiling, said, how know you that?
 But 'tis not fit discourse I think.
 My lord who was o'erpower'd with drink,
 Believing this a great affront,
 Said, I'll lay fifty pounds upon't.
 The colonel said, I'll wager none,
 And begg'd he'd let the theme alone.

My lord insisted more and more,
And scarce from shewing it forbore.

The dame could scarce from laughing hold,
Yet said, my life, put up your gold,
For such a bet some other chuse,
For, were't a million you would lose.

T A L E XXVII.

The EXCUSE.

AN honest man, in wane of life,
Had got a young and wanton wife,
Who, tho' she never gave offence,
Was fond of due benevolence.
Her husband play'd a husband's part,
And lov'd his wife with all his heart;
But yet she made demands that he
Had little power to gratify.

One night, as in their bed they lay,
The wife became exceeding gay;
She kiss'd, she tickled, and she toy'd,
And wantonly her hands employ'd;
Betwixt his lips her tongue she thrust,
And shew'd a deal of lawful lust;
But spouse was unprepared quite,
And sleep preferr'd to soft delight.

But, by his wife's endearments, guess'd
 It was in vain to hope for rest :
 He found himself for love unfit,
 Yet sav'd his credit by his wit ;
 For, giving her a close embrace,
 He with his finger touch'd the place,
 And, smelling at it, sighing said,
 You are not well, I am afraid :
 Then whisper'd softly in her ear,
 Your marygold doth stink, my dear.
 Lord help your head, reply'd the wife,
 I ne'er was better in my life !
 'Tis fresh and sweet, indeed it is ;
 Then gave her spouse a glowing kiss,
 Who answer'd, to the fair one's sorrow,
 If sweet, let's keep it till to-morrow.

T A L E XXVIII.

The ADVENTURE.

WHOEVER has at London been,
 Must sure have heard of, if not seen,
 A strapping maid of quality,
 Full five feet and nine inches high,
 Whose chiefest pleasures are to vex
 The men, and kiss the other sex ;

In blooming beauties takes delight,
 And passes many a happy night
 Within their arms; but, I declare,
 I cannot guess what she doth there.
 But sure she has some hidden charms
 To draw the females to her arms,
 Else mistress Jane could never make
 A loving wife her spouse forsake,
 And from his warm embraces fly,
 To run to her's, and useless lye.
 But wherein this, her power consists,
 I leave to skill'd anatomists.

To prove what I have said is truth,
 A lady in the bloom of youth,
 By mankind gaz'd on with surprize,
 For shape, for face, and brilliant eyes,
 Who in each bosom rais'd a flame,
 And conquer'd wheresoe'er she came,
 Yet all her lovers sigh'd in vain;
 She view'd their ardours with disdain,
 And to her spouse continu'd true,
 Who fonder by enjoyment grew,
 Till Mrs. Jane's prevailing charms
 Rais'd in her soul such strange alarms,
 That from her husband she withdrew,
 And wedlock joys insipid grew:
 She did her loving mate despise,
 And look'd on men with scornful eyes;
 But, soon as Mrs. Jane appear'd,
 From frowns and clouds her brow was clear'd,

Her sparkling eyes were all on fire,
 Her bosom heav'd with strong desire ;
 Each look, and all she did, betray'd
 Her passion for the man like maid.

Her husband, without discontent,
 Beheld a flame so innocent ;
 He saw them hug, he saw them kiss,
 He heard them talk of joy and bliss,
 Of friendship, and the Lord know's what,
 Ne'er dreaming what they would be at ;
 And, far from doubting any plot,
 Was glad his wife a friend had got,
 With whom she might employ her time,
 Free from suspicion of a crime.

At last the fair, and Mrs. Jane,
 Resolv'd for once to shift the scene,
 To leave the hurry of the court,
 And to some rural seat resort,
 Where they might follow out their loves,
 Near purling brooks and shady groves.

The fearless husband gave consent,
 And to his seat the lovers went,
 Where uncontroll'd they sport and kiss,
 And pass their nights and days in bliss.

One day miss Jane forsook her bed,
 And the half-weary'd fair one led,
 To view the beauties of the spring,
 And hear the birds their carols sing ;

And there, beneath a flow'ry lime,
 In songs and kisses pass'd their time.
 The meadows Flora's liv'ry wore,
 And ev'ry tree its blossoms bore ;
 There they did feast their ravish'd sense,
 The flow'rs their native sweets dispense,
 The warbling birds did strain their throats,
 To charm their ears with tuneful notes,
 Wood strawberries delight their taste,
 A delicate, tho' rural, feast ;
 A charming prospect fill'd their eyes,
 That gave them pleasure and surprise ;
 And Mrs. Jane knew well the art,
 To make the touch delight the heart.

Thrice happy pair, who could employ
 Your hearts in such transporting joy !
 But when the sun, with glowing heat,
 Did on their wanton bosoms beat,
 To shun the scorching of his beams,
 They went to bathe in chrystal streams.

Scarce had they to the river got,
 Ere Mrs. Jane beheld a boat,
 By osiers to the margin ty'd ;
 Aboard, my dear, aboard she cry'd,
 Let's row this galley for a while.
 The fair obey'd her with a smile ;
 Each took an oar, they shove from land,
 But neither could an oar command,
 The boat went down the rapid tide,
 In vain they try'd to reach the side ;

Their rashness they repent in vain,
 And, trembling, hurry to the main.
 Miss Jane cry'd out with all her might,
 Till two young farmers came in sight,
 Who seeing them in such distress,
 Soon laid aside their useless dress,
 And, hastened by the ladies screams,
 With brawny arms divide the streams,
 They reach'd the boat, each took an oar,
 And brought her quickly to the shore.

But yet the landing place was steep,
 The bank was high, the water deep:
 The fair one plung'd into the flood,
 And to the ancles stood in mud :
 The youngest farmer jump'd to land,
 And to her gave his helping hand ;
 He pull'd her safe upon the green,
 Then run to succour Mrs. Jane,
 Who trembling stood, half-dead with fear,
 Not for herself, but for her dear ;
 But, seeing she had got to land,
 In haste let go the farmer's hand,
 And, falling headlong in the stream,
 The charmer gave a dreadful scream,
 The fellow gave her timely aid,
 And from the water dragg'd the maid.

A drowning wretch, as people say,
 Will grasp at whate'er's in his way ;
 And Mrs. Jane, as I am told,
 Upon a certain place laid hold,

That she had thought the greatest crime
 To look on at another time ;
 But danger made her lay aside,
 Her silly prud'ry, and her pride,
 And keep the member in her hand
 Until she safe arriv'd at land :
 Then to the fair one run in haste,
 And press'd her closely to her breast.

Who, smiling, whisper'd in her ear,
 I did not think, that you, my dear,
 Your spotless fingers would defile,
 By touching any thing so vile.

To this the man-like maid reply'd,
 What I have done can't be denied :
 (Then with her hand her blushes hid)
 I reason had for what I did :
 My feet stuck fast within the mud,
 I fear'd to perish in the flood.
 I hate mankind with all my heart,
 Yet I did chuse to grasp that part,
 Because, I've heard my mother teach,
 It never could the bottom reach.

T A L E XXIX.

The Gray MARE the better HORSE.

SOME men I've known, by indiscretion
 Of parents in their education,
 Who fear'd their sons would ne'er do good
 If any thing they understood,
 And keep them back, with mighty care,
 From conversation with the fair;
 Lest they should taste the joys of life
 Ere ty'd for ever to a wife.
 I've known such men as these, I say,
 Transported on their wedding day,
 In hopes to taste the long'd for bliss,
 And freely toy, and freely kiss;
 But, knowing nothing of the joy,
 Fondly believ'd they would destroy
 The tender females: well they knew,
 That they the rapture could renew
 Whene'er they pleas'd; 'twas thus they thought,
 But soon their schemes fell all to nought;
 For when they join'd in amorous fight,
 In spite of all their boasted might,
 The women always won the day,
 And weary'd them with wanton play.

They in the pastime took delight,
 Whether at morning, noon or night;
 Whene'er the men were that way bent,
 They ever found their wives content.

Not long ago a friend of mine,
 An able, clever, young divine,
 Told me, upon his wedding-day,
 He fear'd he might his Nanny slay,
 She seem'd so young, and look'd so slender,
 That sure his something would offend her;
 For I might see it by his figure,
 He had too much of love and vigour.

I smiling told him that his wife
 Was in no danger of her life,
 For I had heard it often said,
 'Twas folly to believe a maid
 Would suffer in an am'rous quarrel
 If she was once as high's a barrel,
 For, let her be however young,
 Something will be as wide's the bung.

The doctor at my fancy smil'd,
 Yet was in terror for the child.
 Next day I to his levee came,
 And gravely ask'd him if his dame
 Was still alive? he, sighing, said,
 There is no killing of a maid:
 I thought she would have cry'd or chid,
 But Nanny smil'd at all I did,
 She hugg'd me closely to her breast,
 And no uneasiness express'd;

My utmost vigour I employ'd,
 In hopes my fair one would be cloy'd;
 I toil'd and toil'd the live-long night,
 But she, transported with delight,
 The more I did the more desir'd,
 Till I (my friend) was fondly tir'd,
 And, getting up, the bride did say,
 You rise, my dear, before 'tis day,
 Then added, with a leering smile,
 Ly down, my dear, and rest a while.
 Ly down, said I! nay, now you jest me;
 No, no, my dear, I'll rise to rest me.

T A L E XXX.

The SUTLER.

IT happen'd in Flanders, when Louis le Grand
 Beat the allies each year under William's com-
 mand,

The confederates seeing they fought but in vain,
 Did wisely resolve to break up the campaign;
 The weather was cold, to quarters they went,
 But whether to Bruffels, to Bruges, or Ghent,
 Or Bergin op zome, it doth not avail

A groat to the public, far less to my tale;
 But, as I was saying, the tents were all struck,
 Amongst them a sutler's, who had the good luck

To have a large purse to the strings full of gold,
 In return of the meat and the wine he had sold:
 A large cover'd waggon he had of his own,
 And four as good horses as ever were known:
 In this he inclosed his wine and his pelf,
 And, for saving expences, he drove it himself.

I often have heard it, and think it is right,
 A purse very heavy, makes a heart very light;
 'Twas so with the futler who whistled all day,
 Till he met with a party of French by the way,
 That seiz'd on his waggon, search'd him and his
 And put him in bodily fear of his life; (wife,
 He curs'd his hard fortune, and his cruel stars,
 And rail'd at the men who delighted in wars;
 His goods taken from him, and stripp'd to the skin,
 In sorrowful pickle he went to an inn, (his fate.
 Where he sigh'd and he griev'd, and complain'd of
 At last he was cheer'd by his kind loving mate,
 Who said to him, Robin, pray be not cast down,
 In a pint of Genevar our sorrow we'll drown.
 Alas! said the man, you're distracted I think,
 I have not a farthing to pay for the drink.
 No matter, she said, and look'd with a smile,
 I did the damn'd party, in some sort, beguile;
 Then drew out a purse, twice as big as your fist,
 Tho' they search'd me, said she, this treasure they
 mist,

Then prithee be cheerful. This gave him new life,
 He wept, and he laugh'd, and he ogled his wife,
 And, leering upon her, said, tell me, my dear,
 Where was it you hid this purse I see here?

She smil'd on her spouse, then laugh'd in his
 I hid it, said she, in a certain place, (face,
 With which you're acquainted. He said my dear
 I see you're a careful and provident wife; (life,
 You've done very well, but you'd had more
 to brag on,
 If you there had conceal'd the horses and
 waggon.

T A L E XXXI.

FOUL PLAY.

WALKING thro' Fleetstreet on a time,
 I saw a prentice, in his prime,
 Come running from a house in haste,
 As if by twenty devils chac'd;
 His face with blood was all besmear'd,
 And on his head a wound appear'd.
 This sight about him quickly drew
 Of gazing fools an idle crew,
 Till one, some wiser than the rest,
 Call'd Lovell, thus the youth address'd.

Dear cousin, I am quite confounded
 To see your head thus sadly wounded;
 Pray, tell me, Will, who did the deed?
 For I am vex'd to see you bleed.

William reply'd, I'll all declare:
 My master's wife is very fair,

But he's an old and fumbling beast,
 And jealousy disturbs his breast ;
 For, wanting youth, and wanting vigour,
 He's angry at my handsom figure,
 And thinks, in spite of our concealing,
 His wife and I have private dealing.
 This put him to a deal of pain,
 And has at last quite turn'd his brain :
 And now he lurk'd within the house,
 On purpose to surprize his spouse,
 Who, being from suspicion free,
 Had set her down upon my knee,
 And, kissing me, as she was wont,
 I kindly took her by the —— :
 On this the wretch (good Master Lovell)
 Came in with a cursed paring shovel,
 And, like a villain, knock'd me down,
 Making a gash a-cross my crown ;
 Again he did his blow repeat,
 Till I was fain to make retreat :
 This is the reason why I bleed.
 Your case is very hard indeed,
 Said Lovell ; let me understand,
 Had you got nothing in your hand,
 To save you from the cuckold's strokes ?
 Will, frowning, said, none of your jokes ;
 I had his wife's ——, master Lovell,
 But what's a —— to a paring shovel.

T A L E XXXII.

O L D R E E K Y.

IN Edinburgh, fam'd for oysters and drink,
For noise in the morning, in th' evening for
stink,

I hear, for, thank heav'n, I never was there,
A dozen of families live in one stair ;
By this means the stairs are crowded all day,
And ladies and coal bearers are oft in the way ;
So sometimes your shins, and sometimes your
heart,

As providence orders, may happen to smart :
But when night comes on, your danger grows
great,

The stairs are all winding, they're steep, and
they're strait ;

And, if you are rash, and not circumspect,
Each step that you take, you venture your neck :
No lanthorn, no lamp, nor no kind of light,
Is us'd in that city, to guide you aright.

A comical fellow, who lately was there,
Declar'd, that one ev'ning, a-climbing a stair,
His hand held before him, as still he was wont,
Went plump to the knuckles in a lady's — ;
The inside was hot, the outside was furr'd,
But yet its dumb owner spoke never a word,
But kick'd like a devil : at last she cry'd out,
You fumbling blockhead, what are you about ?

By G--d, said the fellow, who laugh'd at the
joke,

I'm glad that your ladyship silence has broke ;
Since you are a woman, I will thrust my — in,
But I thought you a cow by your — and
your kicking.

T A L E XXXIII.

The RAVEN.

IN Wiltshire, where the farmers keep
Upon the downs great flocks of sheep,
There dwelt an honest thrifty swain,
Adjoining to the famous plain
Of Salisbury, and it was there
He graz'd and fed his woolly care.

To him his teeming female bore
Eight sons, and daughters half a score ;
And, if that children blessings be,
None in the shire so blest'd as he ;
Whilst he, a foe to idleness,
To make their charge in breeding less,
In something useful did employ
Each prating girl and forward boy,
And thus he liv'd a happy life,
Pleas'd with his children and his wife,
Until his wealth made noise, and then
His sons got farms, his daughters men.

Yet Sally, at her father's staid,
 And, tho' fifteen, was still a maid,
 Lovely as what was e'er beheld,
 And all her sisters far excell'd,
 In shape and face, but then her mind
 Was of a very different kind :
 No sort of work could Sally do,
 She silly was, and nothing knew.

Her father griev'd, but 'twas in vain,
 He sent her out upon the plain,
 With scrip and bottle by her side,
 In hopes that she at least might guide
 His fleecy care, his much lov'd sheep,
 But still the fair one fell asleep ;
 The flock went wand'ring here and there,
 Sure proof of Sally's want of care.

The father chid the drowsy dame,
 She wept, but next day 'twas the same,
 She could not guard her eyes from sleep,
 But ev'ry week she lost the sheep.
 The father fretted, Sally cry'd,
 A thousand diff'rent ways he try'd
 To make her careful, but in vain,
 She slept and slumber'd on the plain.
 At last he gravely told the maid,
 If she slept thus, he was afraid
 The ravens, as they soar'd about,
 Her eyes some day would nibble out.

Poor Sally trembled for her eyes,
 She knew papa would tell no lies,

Yet she was sure she could not keep,
 (If she sat down) her eyes from sleep,
 So to the field she weeping went,
 Oppress'd with grief and discontent ;
 But, ere that she had walk'd a mile,
 The changeling thought upon a wile
 To save her eyes from all mishap,
 Yet get a comfortable nap.

Upon her back she laid her down,
 Pull'd up her petticoat and gown,
 Her milk-white smock and apron blue,
 All these quite o'er her head she threw,
 To guard her eyes, (her greatest care)
 She left her other members bare.

As thus she lay upon the plain,
 Chance brought that way a youthful swain,
 Who, quite astonish'd at the sight,
 View'd Sally's limbs with great delight ;
 'That it was Sally well he knew,
 Both by her gown and apron blue ;
 He long had lov'd the charming maid,
 But of her folly was afraid,
 And could not think to pass his life,
 With such a silly, simple wife.
 Oft he had met the beauteous dame,
 As oft had whisper'd her his flame,
 And leer'd upon her, squeez'd her hand,
 Yet could not make her understand
 His meaning, others being by,
 And wanted opportunity ;

Now, seeing how the fair one lay,
 He could no longer bear delay,
 Nor wait to gaze upon her charms,
 But rush'd at once into her arms.

The idiot wak'd with great surprise,
 And thought the ravens pick'd her eyes,
 But when she found that they were safe,
 The silly fool began to laugh;
 Nor did she in the least complain,
 Altho' he put her to some pain,
 But, stammering, said, you graceless bird,
 You've miss'd your aim upon my word,
 And while you nibble at that part,
 You're welcome to't with all my heart;
 Nor will I struggle, squal, nor squeak,
 Altho' you had a longer beak;
 I own it is of monstrous size,
 But yet too short too reach my eyes.

T A L E XXXIV.

S M A L L P R I N T.

I Knew a judge, alas the day!
 Death took the honest man away;
 He was my true, my steady friend,
 And so continu'd to the end;
 Tho' old, he had a deal of wit,
 Whole days we would together sit,

Together sup, together dine,
 Sometimes drink arack, sometimes wine.
 Pen, ink and paper, still was by,
 For oft he did the rhyming try;
 Our lines were from ill-nature free,
 This made us never disagree.

One day, when weary'd on the bench,
 He to the tavern went to quench
 His raging thirst; I met him there,
 And, while they did the bowl prepare,
 I from my pocket gravely drew
 A poem was intirely new.
 On this he took his glasses out,
 And straightway clapp'd them cross his snoot,
 But thought it would not be amiss,
 Ere he began, to go and p—.

The careless waiter had forgot
 To set down a clean chamber-pot,
 So to the door the honest judge
 Did, without once complaining, trudge,
 But thoughtlessly (as I suppose)
 Still kept the glasses on his nose.

While thus employ'd, a maid came by,
 And did his dwarfish member spy,
 But much offended at the sight,
 Cry'd out, your honour's in the right,
 With spectacles perhaps you'll see
 What otherways would hidden be;
 For me, I vow to God, I'd squint,
 If I were put to read such print.

T A L E XXXV.

The Boots.

THINK not, my friend, you love in vain,
 Tho' Chloe treats you with disdain,
 Nay, tho' she frowns at all you say,
 And scornful turns her head away;
 Yet let not that disturb your mind,
 The fair one may at last be kind;
 For there's in love one happy hour,
 In which few women have the power
 To cross a wanton inclination,
 Or struggle with a strong temptation;
 But if the lucky minute's lost
 You never can a conquest boast.

I know the truth of what I say,
 I've let that minute slip away,
 Long time I waited, but in vain,
 It never more came back again:
 But I in love affairs was raw,
 And of the fair one stood in awe;
 I thought her chaste as turtle-dove,
 For I confess I was in love;
 And freely own it, to my shame,
 That it was I who was to blame,
 As she has oftentimes confess'd,
 And of my folly made a jest.

But men are wiser grown of late,
 And real love is out of date ;
 Few know the soft respectful passion,
 While lewdness is become the fashion,
 Seducing widows, maidens, wives,
 Is all the pleasure of their lives !
 And, tho' they find the fair one shy,
 And what they ask, with scorn deny,
 Yet they do not their suit give o'er,
 Resistance but inflames them more :
 And tho' at first their projects fail,
 They think with patience to prevail ;
 The lucky minute watch with care,
 And hope at last to gain the fair.

Such men as these, I must confess,
 Both meet with, and deserve success ;
 That perseverance will prevail,
 I shall illustrate by a tale.

A handsome captain, young and gay,
 With some dragoons at Limerick lay,
 And with a quaker quarter'd there,
 Whose wife was to a wonder fair :
 The captain view'd her with surprise,
 Admir'd her features, shape and eyes,
 She seem'd so form'd to give delight,
 That quite transported with the sight,
 He scarcely could conceal the flame,
 Rais'd in his bosom by the dame.

The quaker knew his wife was fair,
 And did not for young captains care,

For, being far advanc'd in years,
 He was not free from jealous fears;
 Since Judith, spite of all her dress,
 Was full of love and wantonness;
 Was ever smiling, always gay,
 Yet she had never gone astray,
 But what she had not done, she might;
 This kept Ezekiel in a fright.

The captain, tho' exceeding young,
 Had wit, and a deluding tongue;
 Whene'er he with Ezekiel sat,
 He still complain'd of this and that,
 And seem'd to be so very nice,
 He scarce could pardon any vice;
 Regretting all the crying crimes,
 That were so frequent in our times:
 At drunkenness he loudly rail'd,
 And swearing that too much prevail'd,
 Against uncleanness much inveigh'd,
 And gravely said he was a maid.

Thus he did talk, in hopes to gain
 Ezekiel's favour, but in vain;
 The quaker was not apt to bite,
 But thought him a young hypocrite,
 And always was upon his guard,
 Nor for his cant a farthing car'd.

But, when with Judith left alone,
 The youthful captain chang'd his tone:
 He talk'd of love, of flames, and darts,
 Of killing eyes, and wounded hearts:

And falling down upon his knees,
 Did on her slender fingers seize,
 And swore that he would die for grief,
 If she deny'd him kind relief.

'Twas thus he told his am'rous pain,
 But all he said was spoke in vain;
 For Judith without frown or smile,
 Stood list'ning to him all the while:
 But when she saw that he was done,
 She laugh'd aloud, and thus begun.

Indeed, my friend, thou art deceiv'd,
 If thou hast fillily believ'd,
 Because that I was young and gay,
 And past the time in mirth away,
 That therefor I was lewdly given,
 And did not fear the wrath of heav'n:
 My friend, thou art mistaken quite,
 For, tho' in laughing I delight,
 I am not that abandon'd fool,
 As e'er to swerve from virtue's rule:
 I still shall laugh, and still be gay,
 And, spite of all that thou can'st say,
 Shall lead an honest virtuous life,
 And be Ezekiel's faithful wife,
 Altho' he is long past his youth;
 Believe me, friend, I speak the truth.

The captain sigh'd at what she spoke,
 Yet hop'd the fair one was in joke;
 But, to his grief, he found it true,
 She never more complacent grew:



And, tho' a thousand ways he try'd
 Her virtue, was as oft deny'd;
 'Till, quite o'ercome with discontent,
 One day he to the country went,
 And with him took dog, gun and net,
 In hopes he might his love forget;
 But while that Judith was unkind,
 He could not sport nor pleasure find;
 So gave his tackle to his groom,
 And straight returned to his room:
 Where being come, he saw a sight
 That fill'd his soul with great delight;
 'Twas lovely Judith all alone,
 Who, for a frolic, had put on
 His winter boots; when this he spy'd,
 The happy youth in raptures cry'd,
 You're mine; and without more ado,
 Upon the bed the charmer threw.
 The lucky minute now was come,
 Surprise had struck poor Judith dumb;
 Upon the bed she speechless lay,
 And let the captain take his way;
 But what he did, I do not know.
 Ezekiel, who was set below,
 Hearing the noise upon the floor,
 Run up, and peeping thro' the door,
 Beheld four legs upon the bed,
 One pair in boots, and one in red.
 Away he run down stairs in haste,
 As if by twenty devils chas'd:

The loving couple heard the noise,
 And Judith knew her cuckold's voice ;
 Away the fatal boots she threw,
 Kifs'd the dear captain and withdrew.
 She found Fzekiel in the hall,
 And fear'd he had discover'd all.
 Poor man, he shook from head to foot,
 And mutter'd something of a boot,
 While Judith trembled at his look,
 Yet happily the cause mistook.
 The captain too came down the stair,
 To see an end of this affair:
 But old Ezekiel cry'd, avant !
 Out of my house, vile miscreant !
 You spoke of whoredom with despite,
 Yet art thyself a Sodomite,
 And did that deed with a dragoon,
 That brought down fire on Sodom town;
 I saw the boots, too much I saw,
 Thy life is forfeit by the law;
 But if thou'lt leave this house to-day,
 Of what I've seen I'll nothing say,
 The captain swore 'twas a mistake,
 I'm not, said he, so great a rake,
 I had a swimming in my head,
 That made me ly upon my bed;
 And, if you will go up the stair,
 You'll find the boots still lying there.
 Away the wife and Zekiel went,
 He found the boots and was content.

T A L E XXXVI.

MARION'S DREAM.

HOW foolish is't in them who say,
 That what we think on all the day,
 Whether it give us pain or joy,
 Doth still our nightly thoughts employ,
 Since priests will in their thoughts blaspheme,
 And holy nuns of lewdness dream,
 Altho' their thoughts, from morn to even,
 Are fix'd on nothing else but heav'n.
 Nay, protestants, who pass their time
 Without once thinking on a crime,
 And are of ev'ry sin afraid,
 By wanton dreams may be betray'd.

For proof of this, a man I knew
 In Edinburgh, nam'd honest Hugh,
 Who tho' his drink he kindly took,
 Put on a sanctified look,
 For which some wicked men in spite,
 Would call him Hugh the hypocrite.

This man had got a zealous wife,
 For virtue fam'd and holy life;
 Who lov'd her spouse with all her heart,
 Nor from her duty did depart.

One night (what I'm to tell is true)
 The dame with laughing waken'd Hugh;
 Who, vex'd to have his slumber's broke,
 Thus to his wife, half-yawning, spoke:

My dear, I wish you would delay
Your ill-tim'd mirth till break of day.

Alas! she cry'd, my dream's so droll,
I can't forbear it for my soul :
I dream'd that I and lucky Keith
Were standing on the shore of Leith,
As is our custom ev'ry year,
When a fine ship comes to the peer ;
But judge, my dear, with what surprise
We look'd, when just before our eyes,
We saw the captain on the deck,
Who sold stiff p——les by the peck,
Some large, some small, some middle-siz'd.
But I, who still the greatest priz'd,
Pick'd out a bushel of the best, -
And threw to green-sick girls the rest.
'Twas wisely done, indeed, said Hugh,
But pray, good Marion, tell me true,
Did you see any p——k so fine,
So large, so long, so stiff as mine ?

As yours, reply'd the laughing wife,
I swear to you my dearest life,
In chusing mine I threw a peck
Of better p——ks quite over deck.

T A L E XXXVII.

The R E B U K E.

I Always thought it want of sense,
And the worst kind of impudence,

In men who are for love unfit,
 Yet ever are attempting it,
 Since women, when they find the cheat,
 Can never pardon the deceit;
 And whate'er face they put upon't,
 Will soon or late revenge th' affront.

Not long ago a well known rake,
 Who still was lewd for lewdness sake;
 One ev'ning, when 'twas wearing dark,
 Went out a strolling to the park;
 Where he did meet a harlot gay,
 Who soar'd about in hopes of prey:
 The rake, well vers'd in such affairs,
 Soon guess'd her meaning by her airs,
 And, going briskly up, began,
 No farther look, for I'm your man.

My man, said she, I know you not;
 What do you mean, you drunken sot:
 Not know me, said the forward spark,
 Faith, madam, tho' the night grows dark,
 Yet you may know me by this mark;
 Then in her hand he something laid,
 At which the strumpet seem'd afraid:
 What's that, said she, you wicked beast?
 The fellow, tickled with the jest,
 Apply'd his lips close to her ear,
 And said, it is my p——k, my dear.

Thy p——k, she cry'd in great surprise,
 A p——k, and of so small a size!

It either is your little finger,
Or you're a vile Italian finger.

T A L E XXXVIII.

A RIDICULOUS DISCOVERY.

I'M far from thinking women bad,
Yet whores for certain may be had ;
And since no man may be secure,
The wife he takes is chaste and pure,
Until he tries her, and even then
Tricks may be play'd to cunning men ;
Since this is very oft the way
Men should be cautious what they say,
Nor make a bustle, nor a noise,
Of maidenheads and wedlock joys ;
Lest, talking in an idle strain,
They something hear may give them pain,
Especially if 'tis not known
The dame they talk of is their own :
For men, when overpower'd with wine,
To tell adventures oft incline,
And to a husband may discover
He was his wife's successful lover.

This happen'd to a man I knew,
(What I'm to tell is really true)
A silly fellow, black and tall,
Whom I, for found, shall captain call ;
Altho' that a lieutenant's post
Was all this man of war could boast :

Who, tho' he was almost a sot,
 Yet had good store of money got;
 But, weary'd with a single life,
 Wisely resolv'd to take a wife.

The major's daughter, young and gay,
 Had stole his booby heart away;
 Of all her sex she was his choice,
 She seem'd to him a mine of joys,
 And that he would be surely blest'd,
 If she would grant him his request;
 While she, who ne'er had man deny'd,
 As soon as ask'd with joy comply'd.

The silly captain, join'd for life,
 Was hugely happy in his wife;
 And, tho' it was but early day,
 Would not the nuptial rites delay:
 But threw her down upon the bed,
 And took (he thought) her maidenhead:
 Tho' this had put him in a sweat,
 He did again the joys repeat.
 Then, smiling, told her, that at night
 He'd take his fill of dear delight;
 But now he had some miles to ride,
 Farewel, said he, my lovely bride.
 Then straightway to a sutler's tent,
 To meet some friends, in raptures went,
 Who, angry at his long delay,
 Ask'd what the devil made him stay.

To this the captain, smiling said,
 I own that I too long have staid,

But, when the reason's understood,
 You'll grant that my excuse is good :
 I from the major's just now came,
 And, spurr'd and boot'd as I am :
 I twice did f—— his daughter Nan,
 Pray, am not I a happy man ?
 For, by my soul, I tell you true.
 Others have done't as well as you,
 A surly officer reply'd ;
 Last night I that fine virgin try'd,
 And cant admit of your excuse,
 Since I thrice f——'d her in my shoes.

The captain said, upon my life,
 You joke, for Nanny is my wife.

T A L E XXXIX.

The TELL-TALE.

WHEN youthful blood distends the veins,
 Love fills the heart, and fires the brains,
 Makes virgins dream they toy and kiss,
 And long to taste substantial bliss.
 Since this with females is the way,
 And thus they wish both night and day;
 Then, without witchcraft, one may guess
 Their thoughts, by what their looks express;
 And what discourse may pass between
 'Two wishing maidens of fifteen.

To prove what I have said is truth,
 Two sisters in the bloom of youth,

Born by their mother at a birth,
 O'ercharg'd with blood and full of mirth;
 Alike in features, shape and air,
 With sparkling eyes and flaxen hair;
 With lips like any coral red,
 And lillies o'er their bosom spread,
 For ever smiling, always gay,
 And, spite of what mamma could say,
 About the town all day would roam,
 And scarcely stay'd one hour at home.

My lady was an arrant prude,
 And could not bear such latitude,
 Was formal, forward, stiff and nice,
 Each morning rail'd at sin and vice,
 And gave her daughters sage advice,
 But all in vain, it would not do,
 The girls had something else in view,
 And still went gadding up and down
 To each amusement in the town.

Till mamma, in an angry tone,
 Vow'd, if they would not let alone
 Their idle ways, her skill she'd try,
 And lock them up three stories high.

As thus my lady, like to choke,
 In anger to the fair one's spoke,
 A daughter younger by some years,
 For her dear sisters shew'd her fears;
 Yet, smiling to mamma, did say,
 I know a sure and certain way

Will make my sisters keep the house.
 Pray what is that, my little mouse?
 My lady said, and on her smil'd.
 Get them stiff p——les, said the child;
 Whether they sit, or lye or walk,
 Of p——les they for ever talk;
 'Tis that they wish for, that they want,
 And if you will their wishes grant,
 I'll lay my life that they shall stay
 Within the house both night and day.

T A L E XL.

The DYING TOAST.

A Charming toast, upon a time,
 Seiz'd with a deep decay,
 Whose beauty wither'd in her prime,
 Upon her death-bed lay.

Two virtuous virgins, fair, and young,
 Sat silent by the maid,
 At last the eldest found her tongue,
 And to the other said:

Believe me, child, I tell the truth,
 You know I never lied,
 Of all the p——ks that, from my youth,
 I to this day have tried,

Our parson's is by far the best,
 'Tis full ten inches long,
 It upwards to his belly press'd,
 'Tis stiff, 'tis hard, 'tis strong.

The very thought on't gives delight,
 Altho' it be but thin,
 Yet, when he lay with me last night,
 Nine times he thrust it in.

'Twas thus the eldest sister spoke,
 And thus the young reply'd,
 Your long and thin are but a joke,
 Such baubles I have try'd.

Our curate's is by far more strong,
 'Tis his alone can charm,
 For tho' it is not quite so long,
 'Tis twice as great's my arm.

Last night he to my bed did creep,
 Altho' disguis'd with drink,
 Yet eight times, ere he went to sleep,
 He fill'd up ev'ry chink.

The curate shall be welcome still,
 He cures my soul of grief,
 He nobly doth my pulpit fill,
 And gives my heart relief.

The charming curate is my choice,
 Do you the parson keep.
 At last the dispute made a noise
 That broke the fair one's sleep.

With joy the chaste debate she heard,
 And, turning on her breech,
 Her head above the clothes she rear'd,
 And made this dying speech,

Dear friends were I to chuse a p——,
 Cry'd out the gasping toast,
 I'd have it long, I'd have it thick,
 And then give up the ghost.

A S O N G.

MISS Nanny, young and innocent,
 Last night was made a bride,
 But long ere day, in discontent,
 She did kind Willie chide.

Base wretch, she said, and then she wept,
 Why told you things untrue?
 Would I my maidenhead had kept,
 Or not have giv'n't to you.

To honour you have no regard,
 You false, you perjur'd man,
 You swore that something was a yard,
 When it is scarce a span.

The Duke of ARGYLE's Levee.

Spoken by Colonel CHARTERS, and wrote by the
late Lord BINNING.

—*Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædidus undam.* VIRG.

WITH other Scots the other day
I waited on Argyle,
Than whom no better patriot breathes
Within our British isle.

Sing, Muse, who never sang before,
How well we were receiv'd;
And what he said, and eke also,
How nobly we behav'd.

Long time we had not held chit-chat
Before his Grace appear'd;
And with his ever-pleasing air
Our hearts and faces chear'd.

He beck'n'd us up, all one by one,
And spoke to each so pat,
That all well-pleas'd his levee left,
But I, who smelt a rat.

Then to (a) Anstruther, in the van
Advancing, were his words,
“ Nor our's, nor any foreign land,
A hawk like your's affords.

(a) Colonel Anstruther.

So Richmond's Duke, of hawks the judge,
Affur'd me t'other day."

Philip bow'd low, and thank'd his Grace,
And went well pleas'd away.

To Colonel Sinclair : " T'other day,
I was well pleas'd to see
The British coffee-house so chang'd
From what it us'd to be.

Your Sarah charms, it grows polite,
As G—d my soul shall save."

With low obeisance, hearty thanks
The grateful Colonel gave.

The (b) Advocate, with rev'rence great,
Advancing was to speak ;
But, like the rest, he was struck dumb,
With cheek apply'd to cheek.

" The lawyers in our house declare,
That no man speaks like you :
Your rhet'ric charms." Then Duncan bow'd,
And own'd his Grace spoke true.

Then (c) Colonels Jack and Peter drew
Together near his Grace :

" Peter ! thou hast a martial soul,
And, Jack, a handsome face ;

Were you two blended both in one,
L—d ! how you'd look and fight !"

(b) Duncan Forbes, Esq; (c) Colonels John and Peter
Campbells.

Then Peter bow'd, wheel'd to the left,
And Jack unto the right.

Then to (d) Culloden said the Duke,

" Now tell me, John, sincere,
Whether eight bottles 'tis, or ten,
You drink to your own *skair*?"

Culloden bow'd, and thank'd his Grace
For such a kindly word ;
And vow'd to G--d his Grace spake like
An angel of the L—d.

Then forward (e) Brodie made a step,
In whose attentive ear
His Grace was pleas'd to whisper, but
So loud as we could hear :

" The ladies in the town declare,
That no man kifs'd so well."

The laird laugh'd much, and thank'd his Grace ;
But said, " They should not tell."

Then Colonel Middleton advanc'd,
A necessary man ;
Who well might, if the muse had pleas'd,
Been welcom'd to the van :

" My friend, I hope your lady's well."

" She's well to serve your Grace."

Both smil'd, and bow'd, and smil'd again,
In one another's face.

(d) John Forbes of Culloden, Esq; (e) Alexander Brodie,
Esq; Lord Lyon.

Six times had (f) Harry bow'd unseen,
 Before he durst advance :
 The Duke then turning round, well-pleas'd,
 Said, " Sure you've been in France ;
 A more polite and jaunty mien
 I never saw before."
 Then Harry bow'd, and blush'd, and bow'd,
 And strutted to the door.
 'To honest (g) John, who made a leg ;
 " Ah honest Skip," said he,
 And Skip was well content with that.
 His Grace then turn'd to me (h):
 " Ah! Charters!"---" Bl---d and w---ds, my
 I answer'd : and his Grace (Lord,"
 Was going to reply ; when lo !
 Great (i) Daniel shew'd his face.
 At sight of him low bow'd the Peer,
 And Daniel deign'd a nod :
 " I saw Sir Robert, and 'tis done ;—
 "—You've kept me in, by G--d."
 At sight of this I limp'd away,
 Inform'd where to apply ;
 Begging my countrymen may take
 The hint as well as I.

(f) Harry Cunningham of Boquhan, Esq; (g) John Campbell of Skipnish, Esq; (h) Colonel Charters. (i) Daniel Campbell of Shawfield. Esq;

T H E E N D.

T H E

C O N T E N T S.

Tale	Page
I. T HE Fright,	11
II. The Chrystal Bottle,	19
III. The Disappointment,	22
IV. The Longing Woman,	26
V. The Ninevite,	29
VI. Much Noise and little Wool,	33
VII. The Question,	37
VIII. Well Judged,	38
IX. The Crab,	47
X. The Chaplain,	51
XI. The Ink Bottle,	56
XII. The Simpleton,	60
XIII. The Squire,	73
XIV. Miss and the Parson,	127
XV. The Prayer Book,	130
XVI. The Filthy Beast,	133
XVII. The Apocrypha,	137
XVIII. The Nun,	141
XIX. The Way to learn,	145
XX. The Dream,	150
XXI. The Tooth-Drawer,	155
XXII. The Self-denied,	161
XXIII. A true Story,	167

The C O N T E N T S.

Tale	Page
XXIV. The Question, to Dr A——, with the Doctor's Answer,	171
XXV. Good Advice,	175
XXVI. Fifty Pounds sav'd,	176
XXVII. The Excuse,	178
XXVIII. The Adventure,	179
XXIX. The Grey Mare the better Horse,	185
XXX. The Sutler,	187
XXXI. Foul Play,	189
XXXII. Old Reeky,	191
XXXIII. The Raven,	192
XXXIV. Small Print,	195
XXXV. The Boots,	197
XXXVI. Marion's Dream,	203
XXXVII. The Rebuke,	204
XXXVIII. A Ridiculous Discovery,	206
XXXIX. The Tell-Tale,	208
XL. The Dying Toast,	210
A Song,	212
Duke of Argyle's Levee,	213



Page

171
175
176
178
179
185
187
189
191
192
195
197
203
204
206
208
210
212
213